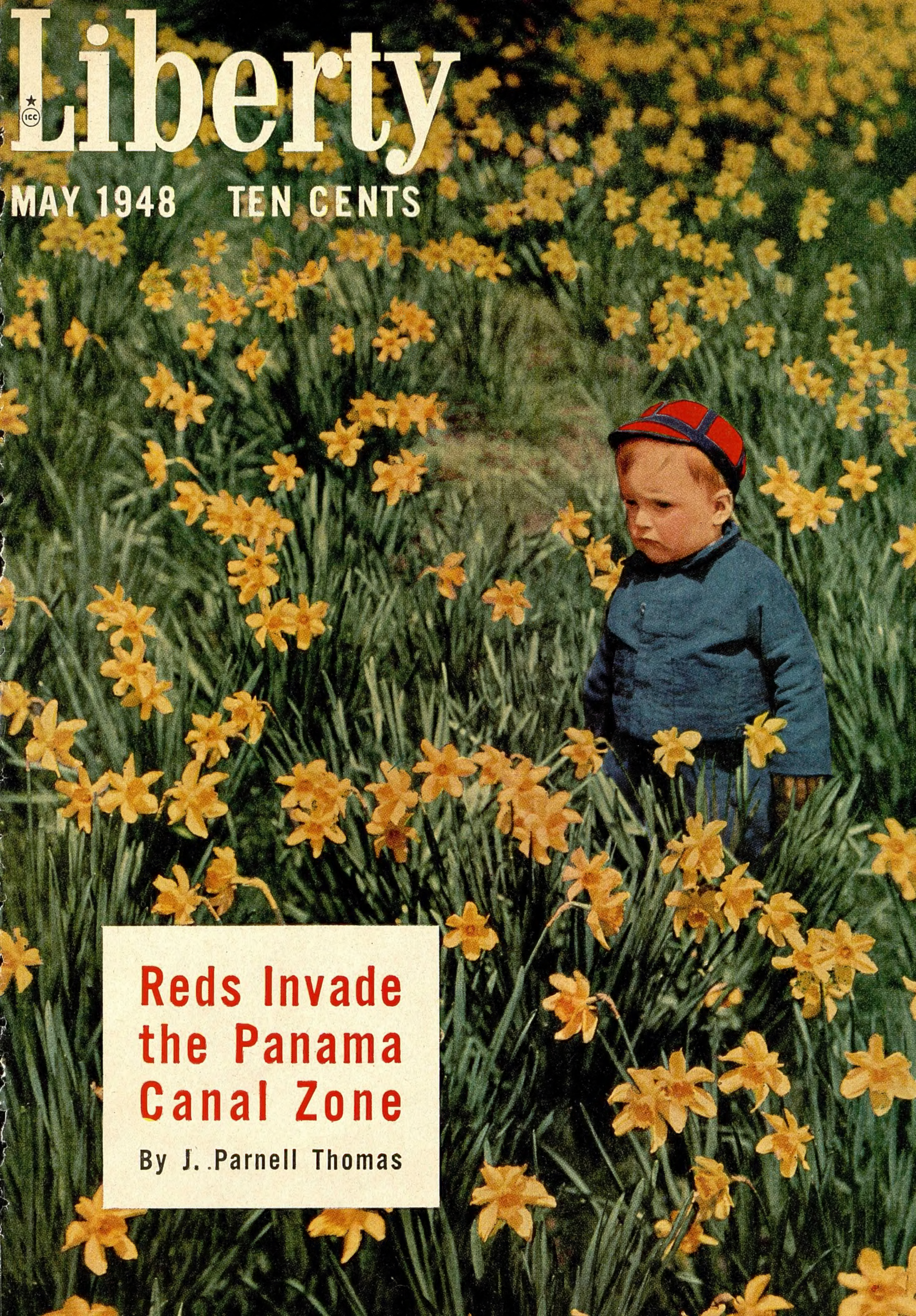
Liberty

MAY 1948 TEN CENTS



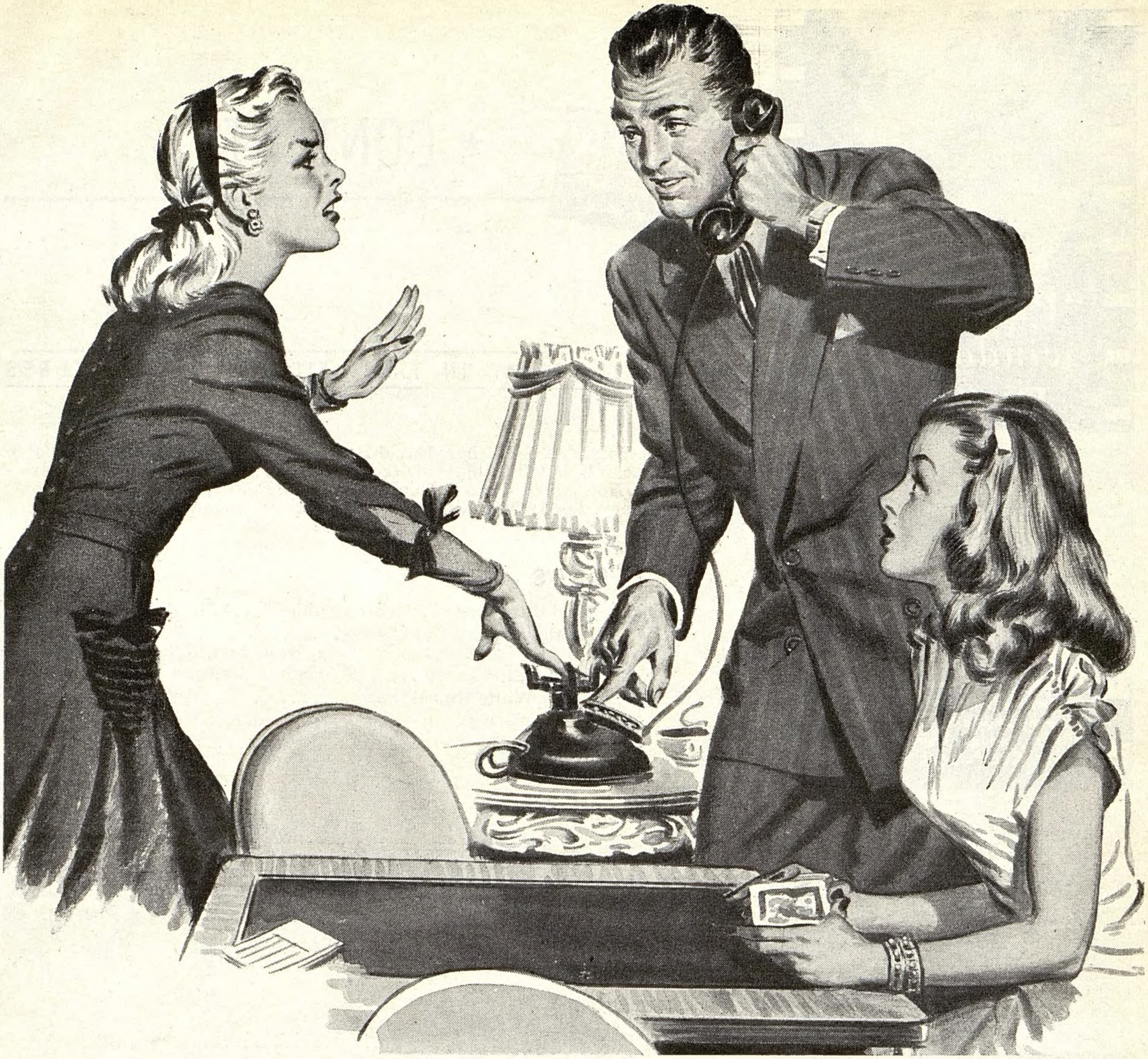
Reds Invade the Panama Canal Zone

By J. Parnell Thomas

TASTE THRILL AT EVERY AGE...

Pleasure time is Milky Way time, to candy lovers of all ages. Nothing else can quite compare to this luscious candy treat, rich with the rare flavor of the thick, milk chocolate coating . . . the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk. Here is a truly thrilling treat for the whole family. When you crave good candy, eat a **Milky Way**

Milky Way
CHOCOLATE
5¢



"Not Him!... we're better off three-handed!"

"WHAT do you mean 'We're better off'?" demanded Bill. "Dick's a charming guy and plays like an expert."

"I guess you haven't had him for a partner recently," Millie said knowingly.

"I guess I haven't. So what?"

"Well, I have! Over at the Club a week ago I sat in for a hand or two and, honestly, Bill, he was pretty grim. And both Myrtle and Charlie Hall noticed the same thing when they had him for dinner and bridge Monday night. His breath . . . his breath . . ."

"Oh, oh!" said Bill, "Now I catch on. Too bad somebody can't slip him a hint . . . and a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic."

"It really is," said Millie, "because he is such a peach and I hate to see him riding himself right out of the picture."

How about You?

The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you, yourself, may not realize that you're guilty. So, it is very easy to offend the very people whose friendship you value most.

Isn't it foolish to take such chances when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, *extra careful* precaution? You simply rinse the mouth with it and, presto! . . . your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

If you want to be at your best with others never, never, omit Listerine Antiseptic. Make it a "must" night and morning, and especially before any date. It pays off handsomely in popularity.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,
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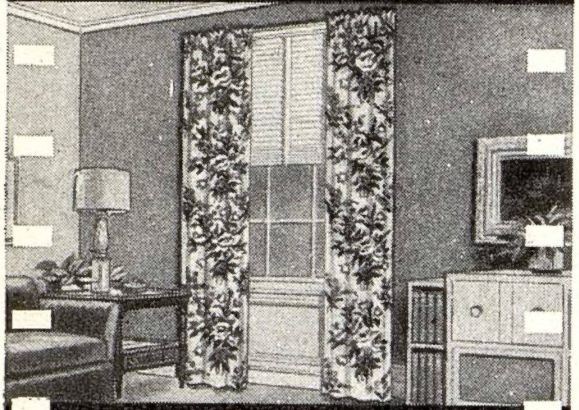
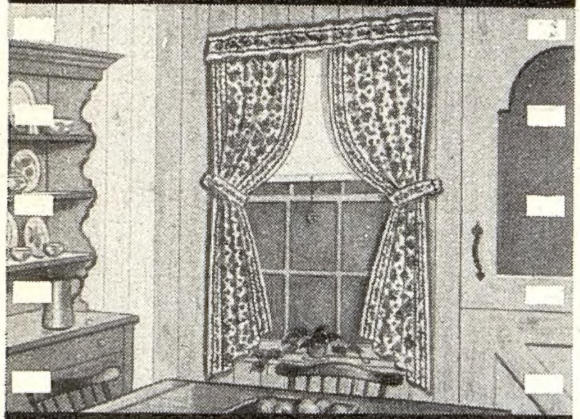
BEFORE ANY DATE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC FOR ORAL HYGIENE

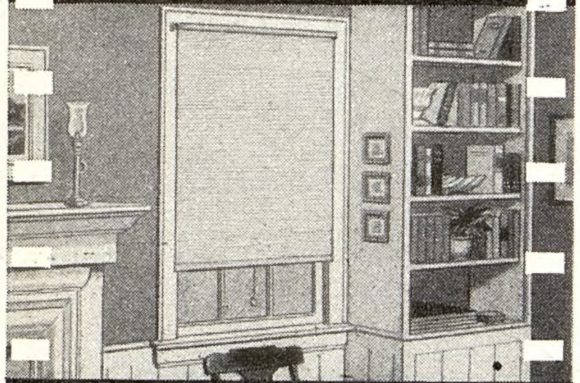
"PICTURE" *windows for* Pennies



Clopay Drapes. Made of plasticized cellulose to look like cloth. Sunfast, light-resistant. Exclusive Clopay Self Pleater. A pair only........ 98¢



Clopay Curtains. 5-piece Hollywoods, pictured here, 39c. 7-piece Cottage Sets, 59c. And such heavenly patterns! Imagine! Clopay Curtains as low as........... 39¢



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Some prices slightly higher Denver and West

Liberty ★★★★★★ ★ CONTENTS ★

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THE JUNE ISSUE WILL APPEAR FRIDAY, MAY 14

Liberty

★ JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES ★

■ Dr. Edward J. Byng, who prescribes The Real Cure for Our Divorce Epidemic on page 11, is a well-known writer on world problems for the Scripps-Howard newspapers and many magazines. He has been a war correspondent and later general manager for the United Press in 16 countries of Europe and Asia. His books include The World of the Arabs, A Five-Year Peace Plan, and Of the Meek and the Mighty.

J. Parnell Thomas, author of Reds in the Panama Canal Zone, on page 14, is the Congressman from New Jersey whose anti-Communist revelations have made him even more famous than his predecessor, Martin Dies. Mr. Thomas is no stranger to Liberty readers, having written Reds in Our Atom-Bomb Plants (June 21, 1947, issue) and Reds in Our Government (July 19, 1947, issue.)

Liberty is proud to have been the first to break these stories to the American public. We can modestly claim to have awakened this country to the Communist menace long before any other magazine of equal circulation and prominence.

■ The recent revelations regarding Stalin's relationship to Hitler and his efforts to bring about a separate peace, for example, were known to Liberty readers back in July 5, 1947, when the Paul Schwarz and Guy Richards' article, A Secret Russian Mission that Almost Changed History, was published. This article drew an official denial by the Soviet government and violent attacks on this editor by Pravda, Izvestia, and other Russian newspapers. Incidentally, we note one of our illustrious contemporaries recently published an article entitled What Makes Wallace Run? Liberty readers recall the same subject being treated last December under our title What Makes Henry Run.

The big feature in June Liberty is a 20,000-word condensation of the phenomenal best seller, That Winter, by Merle Miller. Mr. Miller's book is being acclaimed as the first great novel dealing with postwar problems of veterans. We are certain you will not want to miss this excellent and provocative book condensed to a reading time of one evening. Liberty's lead article in June is William Bradford Huie's explosive piece, Are Americans Afraid to Fight? This documented record of cowardice and desertion in World War II makes grim reading, but we believe it is a necessary and important contribution to thinking on the vital problems of national security. In addition, there will be the usual gala array of fiction, non-fiction, and picture stories. Don't miss the June Liberty, on sale about May 14.—*D. B.*

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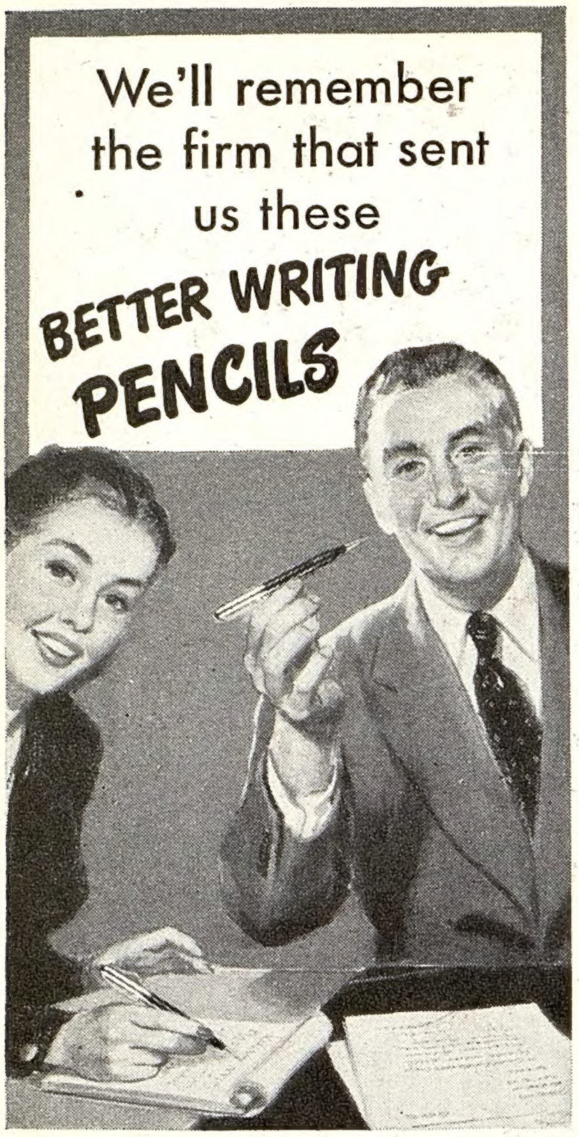
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City................*Zone*....*State*.........

Liberty ★ VOX POP ★

The voice of the people

Dentist's Dilemma

San Diego, Calif.—It was with dismay and regret that I saw your new cover design of January for your most welcome magazine, Liberty.

For many years past I have been using these calendars, suitably framed, for my office and home. They have attracted much favorable comment and have been of great convenience to me. I use five in my office and one in the breakfast room at home. I have been using your new calendar in my old frames, but the design is much too small.

May I take this occasion to tell you how much my patients like your magazine (as well as I do when I get time to read it). —*Ray H. Wilson, D.D.S.*

Our Severest Critic

Woodward, Ia.—To show that our entire family reads and enjoys Liberty magazine, we are enclosing this picture of our year-old son, Danny Dean Wright, who is astounded by your news. —*Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd E. Wright.*

Maybe He's Lucky

Ellwangen, Germany (A. Z. O.)—I happened to get the November 23, 1946, Liberty, and there picked up a very interesting article, For Love or Money, by Samuel W. Taylor. There are in it some abbreviations and terms I did not understand at all and about which I nowhere found any explanation. I would be obliged to much thanks if you would explain the following items to me:

AWOL, WAC, SHAEF, ETO, G.I., buck private, to get on the ball, to bitch about, to get hijacked, to be flat broke, to know the ropes, by the skin of my teeth, to throw a snappy highball, briefcase, billfold, blackout, hallways.—*Martin Mieslinger.*

The Liberty Whistle

Montrose, Colo.—This morning, as I polished my copper whistling teakettle, it brought to my mind the time when my son Joe, and later his sister Rosemary, had about 20 Liberty customers and delivered the magazine each week in various parts of the town. Selling Liberty magazines was Joe's first business venture and he did very well.

While he was in the eighth grade, the band tournament was held in a neighboring town, and that week Rosemary and a younger sister, Catherine, took over for him.

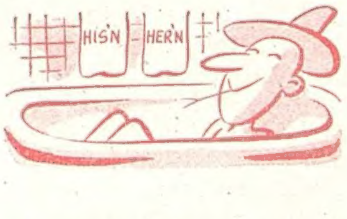
I remember coupons were given for a certain number of customers. The children counted their coupons over and over and looked through the catalogue many times, trying to decide what prize they would strive for. It was with these coupons that Rosemary secured the lovely little pure copper whistling teakettle and gave it to me for Christmas so many years ago. I consider it one of my dearest treasures.—*Mrs. Frank H. Buskirk.*

Good Monday Eating

St. Joseph, Mich.—The description of the Southern dishes in I LOVE Southern Cooking! made my mouth water, but I'd say most all the dishes Mr. Smith described were what the average Southerner would call Sunday eating. I'm sure he forgot to mention the dried beans, lima, pinto, and brown-eyed, cooked for several hours with a good-sized piece of pork until the soup gets good and thick. Also the black-eyed peas cooked with tomatoes and chipped onions. For everyday eating just give me a big dish of any of these with a big slice of corn bread, a big Texas onion, and a glass of buttermilk with specks of butter floating on top.—*Tom E. Mize.*

Farmer Takes A . . .

Winside, Neb.—I've strained the gray matter working Ted Shane's cockeyed crosswords. I've read his dislike of Southern cooking. I've been delighted with him. But now I am mad—and plenty—about his 47 vertical in the February puzzle. The question: What farmers don't do till July. Answer: Bathe.



In good old Nebraska the farmer takes a bath every Saturday night. —*Maude Auker.*

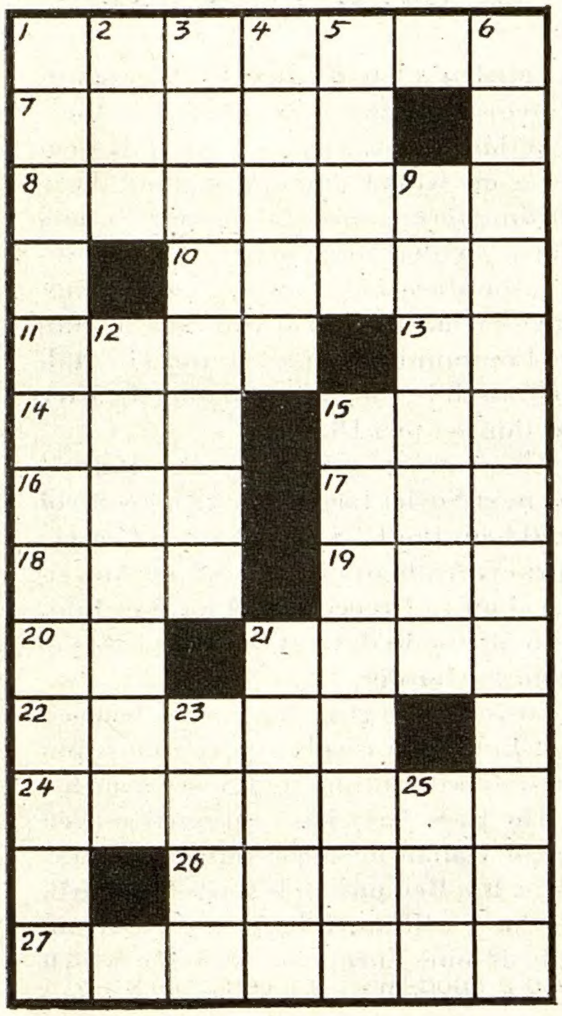
Quintuplets

Boston, Mass.
Huron
Ontario
Michigan
Erie
Superior
!
—*Mrs. Edith Svéhla.*

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

BY TED SHANE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ACROSS

1 Name the Mighty Pigskin Mastodons of Green Bay, Wis.
7 **Rat** is on riser
8 **Yell sow** for swill
10 **10** is inserted
11 **Bosh**-ful fellows in prov. England
13 Which is the "Greek diphthong"?
14 Help **Poe** exit!
15 Don't **mar** her evening; put this around her
16 God of the Gaels
17 **6-A** gets places
18 Grammatical bits
19 **Tin,** you now pay banks for keeping your money (abbr.)
20 What state recently had two governors serving at once? (abbr.)
21 O. Henry wrote of whose gifts?
22 The hunk that **got in** Fort Knox
24 **Lie** or **rest** is barren
26 Makes the world go 'round
27 They've been responsible for the Nude Look about the South Seas

DOWN

1 **Hosts spy logic** in Inside Humans
2 Refueled
3 .44s stuck in **Alec's** rib
4 **Slink** from overheated bakers
5 Greeks are **sore** if hit by beau-tier
6 **Sty's meat rises** via efficiency experts
9 Ireland sings what of the Green?
12 **Ant** with **rope** become working man
15 What would Man's Highest Accomplishment be?
21 A mormeluche, in short (No kidding!) (Gr.) (Nearly a Mormon, too!) (alt. sp.)
23 What teeth would you ask a mechanic to fill?
25 How would you refer to a fathead in a pleasant mechanical way?

S	P	I	N	A	C	H
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T	I	E	■	U	T	A
H	A	G	G	L	E	S
■	■	O	O	O	■	■
C	O	M	P	U	T	E
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S	I	N	A	■	L	I
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A	L	A	N	I	N	E
R	E	C	A	N	T	S

April Answer

something different for dinner...
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HEINZ EST'D 1869 COOKED MACARONI IN CREAM SAUCE WITH CHEESE
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richer, tastier than ever
57

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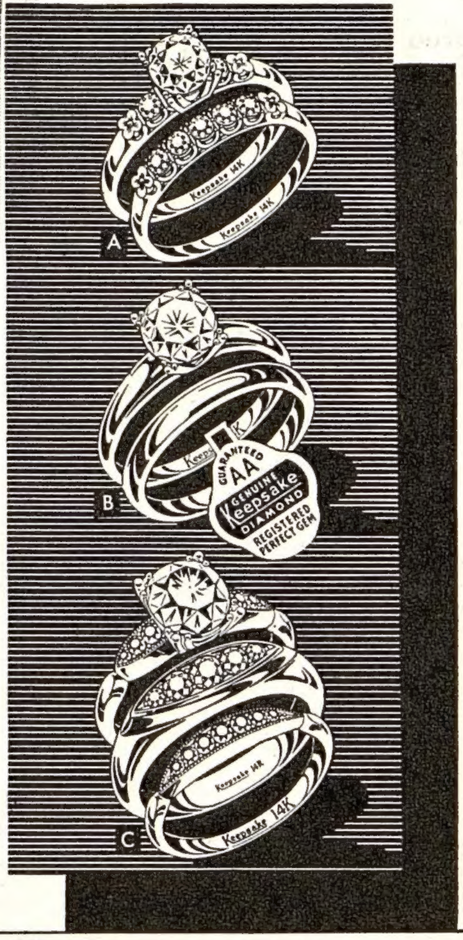
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Keepsake 14K

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WASHINGTON

BY DREW PEARSON

Kremlin's Calendar **• The men in Moscow have now selected Italy as their next big prize. The squeeze will continue on Korea and China, but those are long-term goals. Italy is more immediate. To that end, money, guns, ammunition are being smuggled in from Yugoslavia, some of it dropped to Italian Communists by parachute. The Italian putsch is scheduled for shortly after elections—April 18.**

There are two reasons why Italy is the next Soviet target. First: Its control would cut the U. S. A. off from Greece, Turkey, Arabian oil. The whole American show in Greece would have to fold. Second: the Red Army is just across the Yugoslav border.

Soviet strategists have now learned that European revolution is almost impossible without the Red Army near by.

The U. S. Navy has cautiously moved out of Italian harbors; but not too far away. If a Red putsch is started in April, the Navy will move back at full steam. Italy is one European area for which the war council in the White House has determined to fight.

More Trust-Busting • Attorney General Tom Clark has a big load of woe in store for big business. His Anti-Trust Division is primed to hale a number of large corporations into court on monopoly charges. The cases have been in preparation for months, and as soon as Clark gets some extra money from Congress for additional legal help, he'll "shoot."

Clark's sure to get this money. With a national election in the offing, both the Republicans and Democrats want to be on record in favor of trust-busting. It's good politics.

Anti-Wallace Crackdown **• C.I.O. President Phil Murray is ordinarily quiet-mannered and mild-spoken. But he was neither when he cracked down on left-wing leaders who tried to jam through a Henry Wallace endorsement at the C.I.O. Executive Board meeting. His Scotch burr crackling angrily, Murray shouted, "I defy any of you to cite one instance when Wallace ever did anything for labor while he held public office!"**

The leftists made no answer to Murray's challenge.

Merry-Go-Round • Despite President Truman's fondness for flying, his daughter Margaret always travels by train—at the insistence of Mrs. Truman.... Under-Secretary of the Army William Draper is one of the most sober-minded officials in Washington, but his hobby is performing parlor magic. . . . Twenty-eight per cent of the country's oldsters, 65 and over, are gainfully employed. . . . Since 1946, the United States has given away more than 1,000 merchant ships to foreign countries. One of the biggest recipients of these gifts has been China.

Gold Bricks • **Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder will not be surprised if another rash of Europe-inspired rumors breaks out shortly that the United States is planning to boost the price of gold. There have been inside hints that another flurry of this kind is in the making. It will be as unfounded as previous ones. For this reason: The $35-an-ounce price of gold cannot be changed by executive order. Only an act of Congress can do that.**

Apparently the rumormongers aren't aware of this.

Safe Lawyer • Congratulated on his record-breaking tenure as Democratic Floor Leader, Senator Alben Barkley jocularly remarked he hoped his friends wouldn't hold it against him, and proceeded to tell this story:

"A friend nominated me for head of a fraternal order, but another member objected on the ground that they already had too many lawyers holding office. To which my friend replied, 'Don't let that trouble you. Barkley isn't much of a lawyer.'"

Piped Down • **Dan Tobin, aged $30,000-a-year czar of the A.F.L. Teamsters, has been quietly told by Democratic leaders to pipe down on the displaced persons issue. Tobin has been blasting D.P.s as undesirable "gypsies."**

Tobin is tied up directly with the party as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee's Labor Committee. Also, President Truman has repeatedly asked Congress for legislation to admit D.P.s. And, finally, the Republicans are planning to put through a bill of their own to claim campaign credit. Tobin's noisy talk is playing squarely into their hands.

I Predict • That Congress will renew the 90 per cent farm parity law, notwithstanding strong opposition to it. . . . That Lieutenant General Albert C. Wedemeyer will not be put in charge of the new China aid program, because of State Department disapproval of his pro-Chiang Kai-shek report.

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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

THE REAL CURE FOR OUR DIVORCE EPIDEMIC

BY EDWARD J. BYNG, PH. D.

What the United States is actually facing today is not a divorce problem but a marriage problem

■ For years now, our sociologists, educators, psychologists, and legal experts have been seeking a cure for our alarming divorce epidemic. So far, their efforts have failed because present methods for combating the tidal wave of divorces ignore the *real* issue.

What we need is not just to make divorce harder, but above all to liquidate our infantile American notions about marriage and its prerequisites. Instead of forcing people to live together if they are unhappy, we must try to keep them from becoming unhappy. Our immature ideas on matrimony have dragged down millions of American marriages to the level of mere adventure.

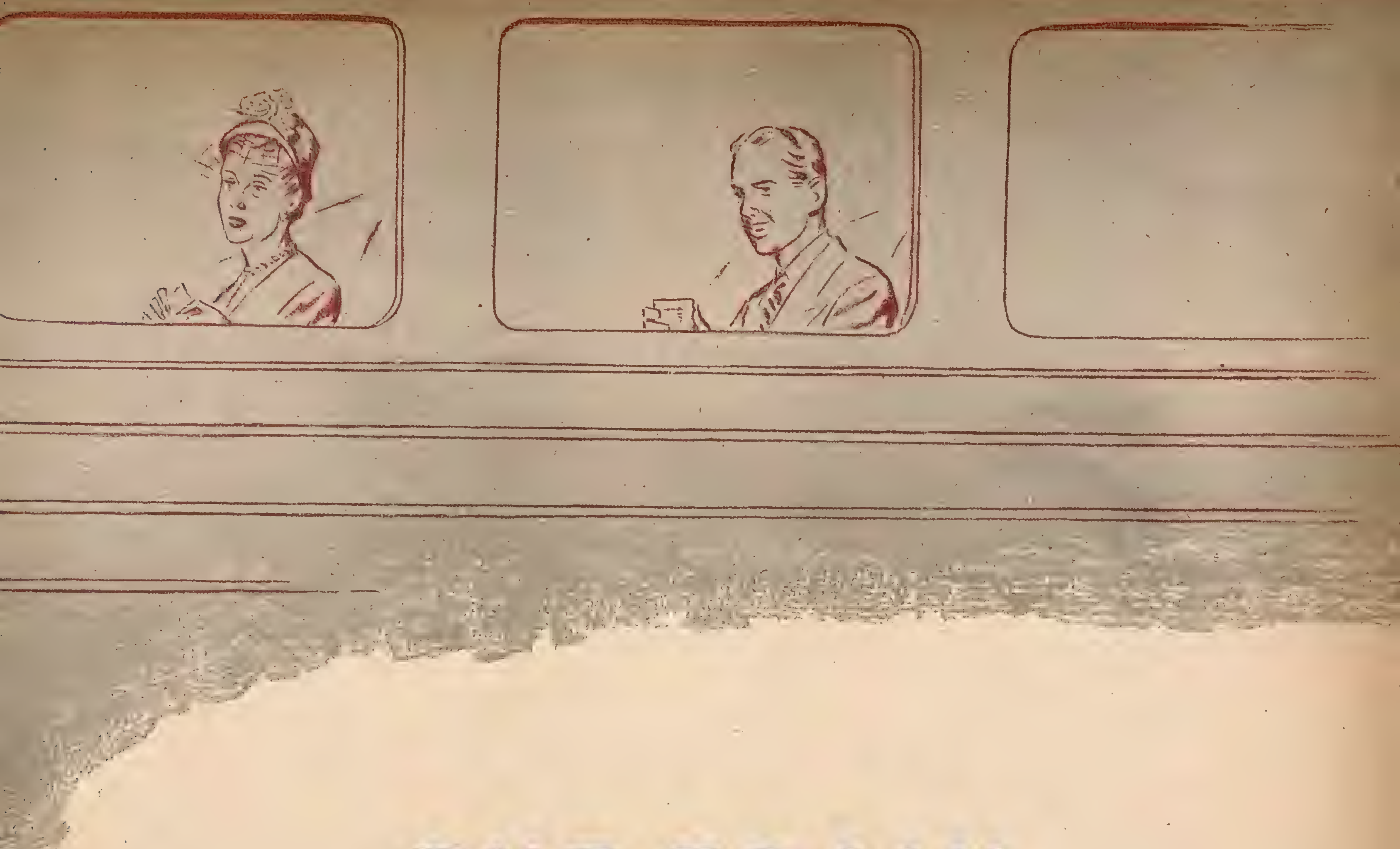
READING TIME
9 MINUTES

Year by year hundreds of thousands marry in haste. These men and women utterly fail to weigh a step which is likely to affect their whole lives. There was a typical case only a few weeks ago. A man and a woman struck up an acquaintance in an interstate bus. A few hours later they left the bus to get married, "amid the cheers of their fellow passengers," as the news reports emphasized. It is hard to say who had the lower mental age – the so-called "lovers" or their fellow passengers!

No man in his right mind would think of setting up even a temporary business partnership with a casual acquaintance. But, with the recklessness and impetuosity of children,

(Continued on page 71)

There's magic, sometimes,
in the fleeting glimpse
of a station platform
or a face at a train window—
a lifetime's magic



BY GLADYS TABER

THE TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

The Silver Crescent, 1304, did not stop at Burkesville. Her only recognition of Burkesville was that she slowed down and lessened momentarily her bullet flight.

The little mustard-colored station vibrated when she came. Passengers for the Springfield local gathered to stare and admire. Dick Bennett, temporarily employed for the baggage and mail, began to pull the long narrow truck to the far end of the platform, for presently the White River Special would be along, and she took mail, baggage, express, and passengers.

That morning Jeannie came down to get an express package for Aunt Millie. She didn't bother to change, but she put on her cherry-colored sweater and tied back the gold-brown hair with a red ribbon. She tucked the change for the express in her pocket with a clean handkerchief. It was a day when you knew spring was coming. All the country brooks were having river dreams. Buds had a blurred look on the dark branches.

Dick Bennett hunted around in the baggage room for her package. His dark head was outlined against pale yellow crates. He wiped his hands on his army trousers and handed her the slick yellow bill to sign. "Take my pencil," he said. His hands were brown and thin.

"How is your place coming on?" asked Jeannie gently.

"All right, thanks," he said, proud and reserved.

Everybody knew he had lost his city job after the war, and that he hadn't a penny; that he was trying to make something out of the rocky acres his father had left, and that he was too proud to let anyone help him. He had developed a fierce isolation in the war somehow. And the bitter taste of poverty was on his thin mouth always.

READING TIME 15 MINUTES

When he looked at her now, there was something deep and hungry in his gray eyes, and Jeannie knew she was flushing. Some miracle ought to happen to make him less stubborn. But why did she care?

Jeannie had her own plans, and farming was not in them. She had been raised in it, and she knew how hard it was. She was going away to the city in three weeks, and she didn't like to think what Aunt Millie would say. But she had forty-five dollars of her own and she could get a job modeling. The artist who stopped by to paint her last summer had told her so and had given her the address.

She came back on the platform, the sun mirror-bright after the shadowy baggage room.

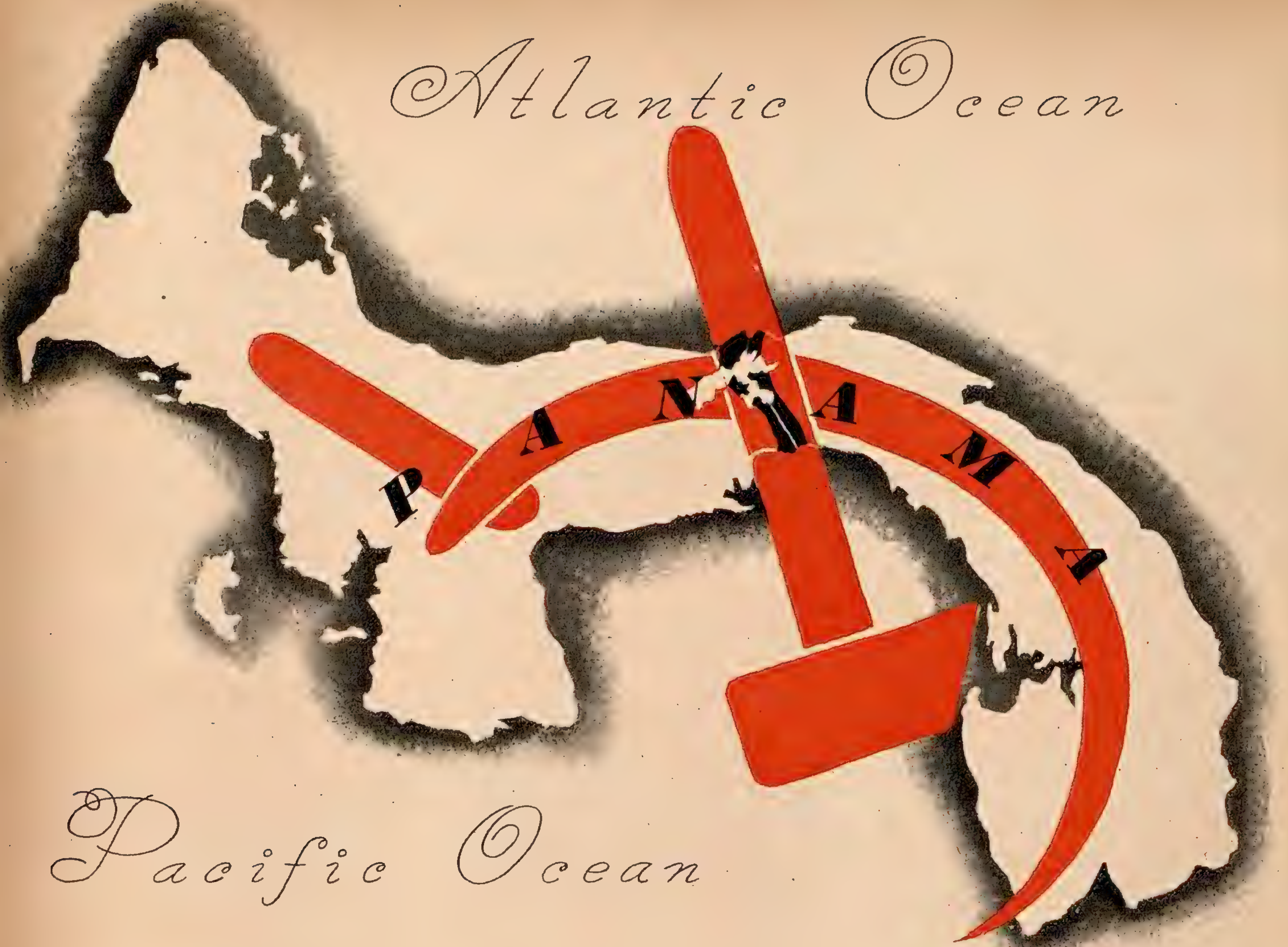
Dick rattled the long truck past her, the slab-gray mailbags piled high. Annie, the station cat, withdrew to the window ledge and folded herself together. The sound of the Silver Crescent grew in the quiet air.

Jeannie's lips parted a little and she bent her head slightly, looking down the aisle of steel. Her hair ribbon loosened and a fall of gold-brown hair made its own shadow for her eyes. She felt the station platform take the thunder and begin to quiver. Dick leaned on the truck, his mouth suddenly eased of tightness.

The Silver Crescent, on time, began to slow for Burkesville. She rolled evenly, majestically. The cars slid along, their curved silver sides catching the sun. The John Marshall, the Charlemont, the Niagara Falls, the John Quincy Adams, and of course the Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The passengers in the diner laid down their bright forks and looked out. The club car was filled. It was

(Continued on page 68)



REDS IN THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE

BY REPRESENTATIVE J. PARNELL THOMAS as told to Stacy V. Jones

Editor's Note: Representative Thomas, chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities and a member of the House Armed Services Committee, recently returned from Panama.

▪ Panama is bustling with the agents of many lands these days, and one of the largest and most active delegations is the Russian. For example, the headwaiter of one of Panama's leading cafés catering to Americans is a Russian who got to the isthmus from Shanghai. The U. S. Army afforded him transportation part of the way, through the complaisance of a captain to whom he had been useful in China. The man has no great need of the café patrons' tips, as he had $25,000 in a Panama bank.

He is now under surveillance of American Intelligence as one of Stalin's secret agents.

The headwaiter is only one of the Soviet nationals that have been coming in in a startling influx since the beginning of last year. They travel with the approval of their government, which is not lightly given. Their occupations include those of automobile dealer, engineer, fur trader, and steamship operator, but there is reason to believe that their chief interest is in the ten-mile-wide strip of land administered by the United States—the Panama Canal Zone.

The little republic is also one of the principal centers of Communist Party activity in Latin America. Although the Communist Party of Panama was ostensibly disbanded in 1943, when the Comintern was "dissolved," it has an active successor in the People's Party (Partido del Pueblo), which maintains several fronts and affiliated political groups. Communist agents move freely to and from Panama, the crossroads of the world. Some of them, traveling as employees of our government-owned ships, carry messages from leaders in New York.

The refusal of the Panama Assem-

Here for the first time is revealed how Russia's secret agents have moved in on the Panama Canal, and what we must do to save our most important defense base

bly last December to approve a treaty extending our use of 13 bases needed for the defense of the Canal was brought about by Communist propaganda and Communist-led demonstrations. Partly as a result, the Canal is at the mercy of any enemy with modern weapons. What I am about to reveal about the lack of Canal defenses may startle the American people but can cause no surprise to the military intelligence agencies of the U. S. S. R.

I can think of no fortification, base, or port more important to the defense of the United States than the Panama Canal. As long as war is fought partly on the sea, and as long as military men and matériel are transported by ship, it will be vital to us. Our rail transport, which was overtaxed in World War II without suffering attack, could be crippled by a few atomic warheads dropped on strategic yards. Our ships must be able to ply between our ports on the two oceans by the short Canal route.

If World War III comes, it will come without notice, in a surprise attack of far greater violence and extent than that at Pearl Harbor. We must recognize and meet the enemy before he reaches our shores. Twenty-four-hour vigilance is needed at the Canal, with all the modern weapons and skills. We have some radar but with a radius of only 150 miles at best. We have only 16 antiaircraft guns, of the 90- and 120-millimeter types, to defend the whole Canal, and only eight of them—four on each side—are fully manned. We have no searchlights. The mine fields are not laid. Many of the mines are not in good condition, and days, even weeks, might be needed to put them in perfect shape. The air force, what we have of it, is good, but the whole defense lacks the spirit of alertness.

■ We have in the Zone only 6,000 soldiers, including quartermaster, ordnance, medical corps, and headquarters detachments, so that in case of hostilities they could do little more than care for the wounded and bury the dead. Instead of one antiaircraft battalion we should have 18; and instead of our nondescript combat team, a division.

I had hoped that the experience of World War II would teach us a lasting lesson. Pushed back inside the ten-mile strip, we should now be doubly alert. But in my opinion, based on interviews with many persons of high and low rank, and on data supplied the Congressional committee of which I am chairman, we are closer to 1937 (the first time I visited the Canal), when we had nothing, than to 1940, when we had a little.

Our weakness must be obvious to the foreign espionage agents who busy themselves about the Republic of Panama. The Russians have the special advantage of the Communist fifth column that runs through Central America and is particularly strong in Panama.

Panama's Communist movement began about 1925, with organization of the Tenants' League and the General Syndicate of Panamanian Workers. Their founders were Cristobal L. Segundo, now president of the People's Party, and Eliseo Echevez, who is also active in it. In 1933 the Communist Party of Panama came into the open under that name, linking itself with the Comintern in a public manifesto, and carried on for ten years. Its successor, the People's Party, has always been small and, although it is the core of the movement, has never gained enough signatures to be recognized as a qualified political party.

The most important Communist front in Panama is, however, big enough to get onto the ballot. This is the Socialist Party of Panama (Partido Socialista de Panama), organized in 1935 by a lawyer who had been associated with Segundo and Echevez in the early Tenants' League and Workers' Syndicate. Other fronts, or useful affiliates, are the People's Party Youth, the National Union of Women, and the important Syndical Federation of Panamanian Workers.

READING TIME

26 MINUTES

The importance of the Federation lies in its affiliation with the network of other Communist-dominated organizations in Central and South America. It is a unit of the Confederation of Latin-American Workers (usually called the CTAL from the initials of its Spanish name, Confederacion de Trabajadores de America Latina). The CTAL is headed by Vicente Lombardo Toledano of Mexico City. The Federation and the CTAL are affiliated with the Soviet-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions.

Several of the Panamanian Communist leaders have taken courses of instruction in Russia. In addition to the party directives, they have contact with the U. S. S. R.'s agents in Colon and Panama City. Dr. Celso Nicolas Solano, who is general secretary of the People's Party and is regarded as its intellectual leader, carried a Soviet Union flag in a student demonstration against the American treaty last December.

What, you may ask, can these people do inside the Canal Zone, which is ruled and policed by Uncle Sam? There are 172 known members of the People's Party among the Canal workers, and the actual number may be much higher. And for some reason we have permitted organization of Local 713, United Public Workers of America (C.I.O.). One explanation I received was that this was preferable to waiting until Toledano came from Mexico City to do the job.

■ There would be no objection to organization of the Canal workers by an American union of good standing, but we are flirting with danger in admitting one so flagrantly Communist-controlled. Abram Flaxer, president of UPWA, has been active in the affairs of the Communist Party since 1936 and has loyally followed its twisting line. He has not publicly avowed membership, but the Committee on Un-American Activities concluded four years ago that he indisputably belonged to the party.

On May Day in 1946, 3,000 persons paraded in Panama City, denouncing "Anglo-American imperialism" and demanding establishment of diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R. The next day, May 2, "Operation Panama" was launched to recruit the Canal workers for UPWA. In charge was Leonard Goldsmith, who had signed Communist Party election petitions in New York and had been connected with a number of fronts. An associate was Robert Weinstein, director of organization for UPWA, who is listed by the Philadelphia police as a Communist Party member. Among the Panamanians who joined in the drive were officials of the People's Party and former officials of the Panama Communist Party.

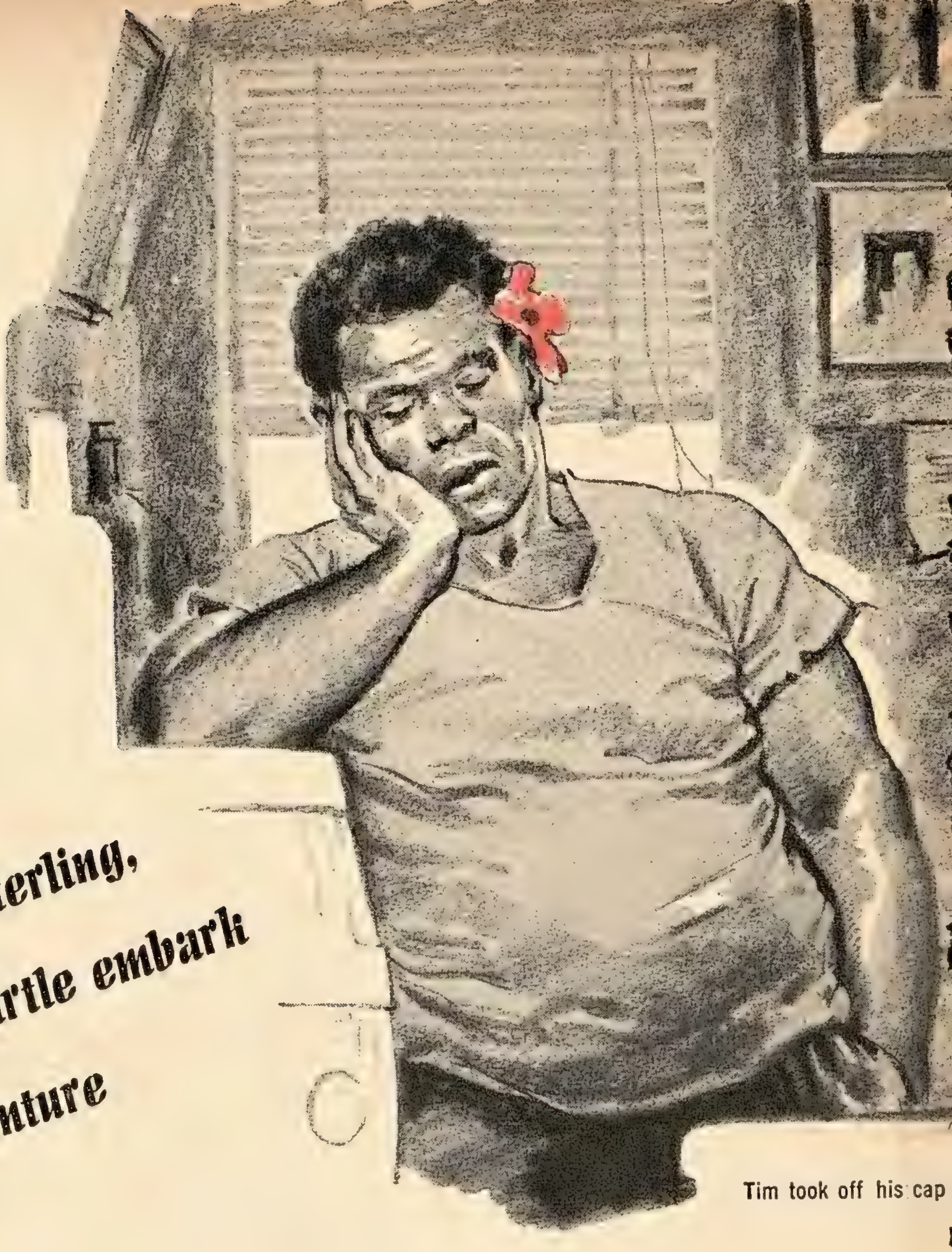
Local 713 has about 12,000 members, although it has claimed 19,000. Most of its members are "silver" workers of Jamaican or other West Indian extraction, and two-thirds of them live outside the Zone. Though I don't suppose many are actually Communists, they can be manipulated.

The local union is pledged not to strike against Uncle Sam. But an incident of last October indicates what may be expected. Then 500 dock workers employed by the Panama Railroad Company went out, tying up much of the Canal's shipping. The dock workers don't belong to Local 713, and its officers disclaimed any

(Continued on page 47)

FOR A LADY'S HONOR

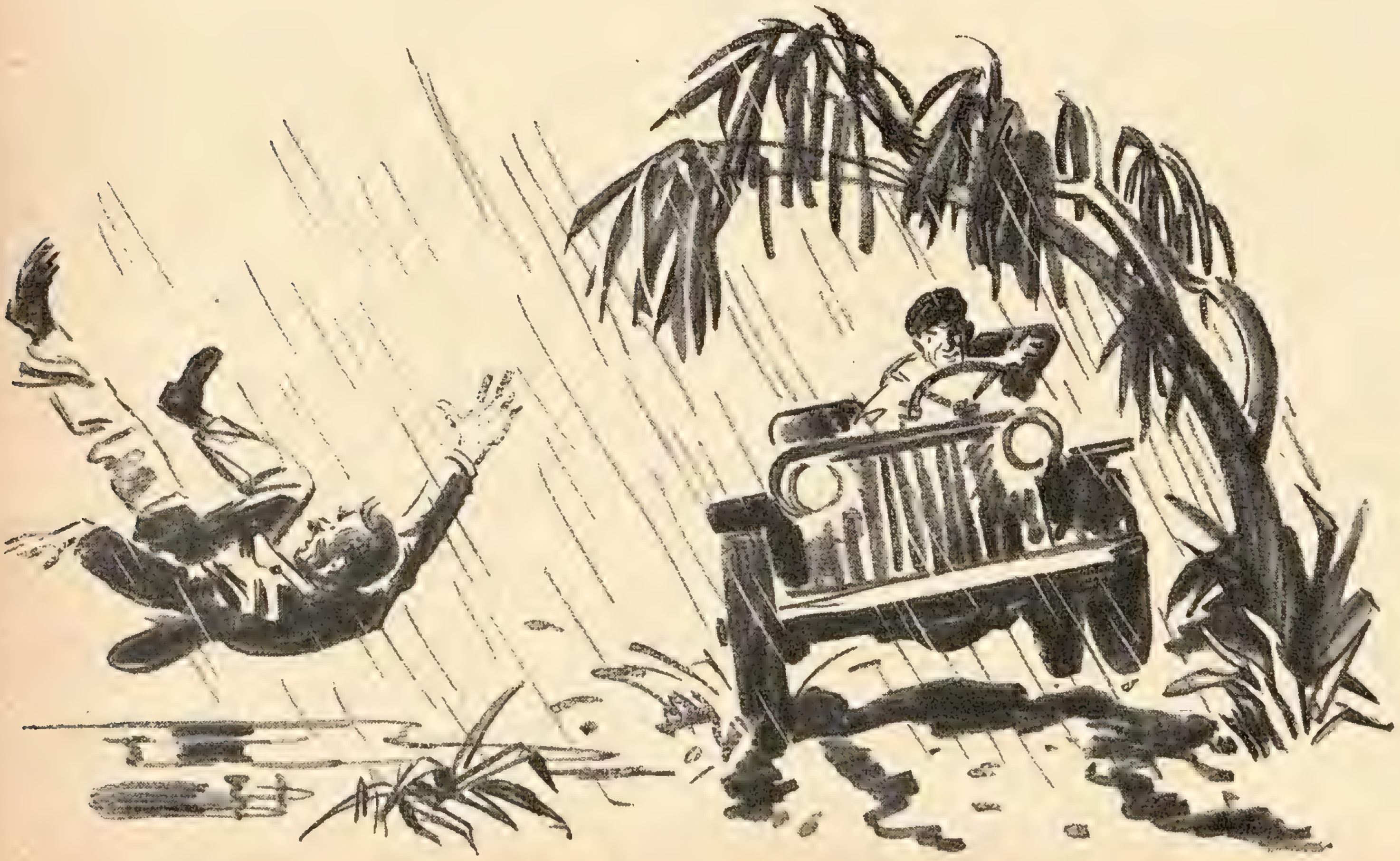
...and six hundred pounds sterling, Trader Tim and Jock McWhirtle embark on their most rollicking adventure

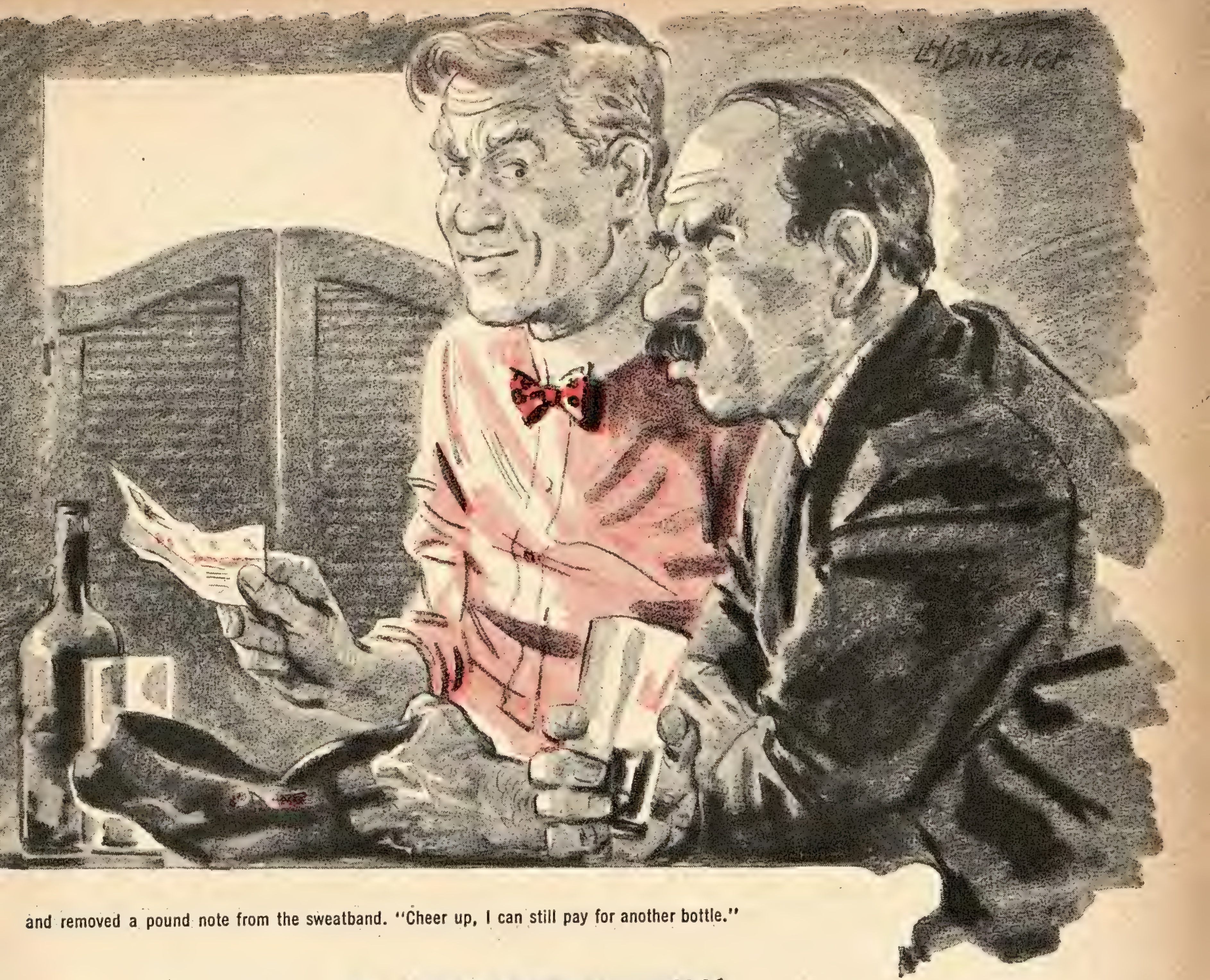


Tim took off his cap

READING TIME

18 MINUTES





and removed a pound note from the sweatband. "Cheer up, I can still pay for another bottle."

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

BY CRAWFORD SULLIVAN

■ Jock McWhirtle scowled at the bar mirror ferociously. He was scowling at Trader Tim Mulrooney, whose massive reflection was visible next to his. "'Tis a fortunate thing that money grows on trees," he said, "otherwise I wad be considerably vexed wi' ye for losin' every penny we had in that poker game."

"Cheer up, my bucko," said Tim. He removed his battered blue cap and took a pound note from the sweatband. "I can still pay for another bottle."

"'Twas an unhappy day when I agreed to go into partnership wi' ye," Jock sighed. "I ha'e found ye to be most unreliable."

"Oska—wake up!" Tim thumped on the bar.

It took a few moments for the Samoan bartender to awaken. "It's after closing time," he said.

"We thirst," Trader Tim told him briefly.

Oska put another bottle on the bar, being careful to receive his money first.

"Bung-ho, gentlemen! I've been looking for you."

In walked Gay Pinckney, reporter for the Rukuruku Times, very dapper in salmon-colored shorts and a bright blue sports coat.

As Mr. Pinckney swung himself onto a bar stool, he said, "I heard about your bad luck tonight. Dashed unfortunate."

"Unfortunate ye say?" Jock's brows drooped to a frown. "Ye see before ye two destitute paupers!"

"Perhaps we can talk business." Pinckney looked around mysteriously. Oska's eyes were closed and he was making funny little gurgling noises.

"In my position as a reporter," said Pinckney, "I become involved in matters which are super-confidential. Swear never to repeat what I am about to tell you. It involves the reputation of a good and lovely lady, the wife of Sir Alfred Mountjoy, Governor of Rukuruku."

"Ye mean the governor's lady is in trouble?" asked Jock.

Pinckney nodded sadly. "Even the finest of womankind is apt to commit an indiscretion. Lady Mountjoy was foolish enough to believe that she had fallen in love with a certain pearl broker. She wrote this man some letters—"

"Love letters, o' course," said Jock knowingly.

"But that isn't the worst," said Pinckney. "This cad has stolen a large perfect diamond which had been given to Lady Mountjoy by her husband. She can't go to the police, for the bounder holds the letters. She needs help, gentlemen—and she is willing to pay for it."

"Who is the pearl broker?" Tim inquired.

"His name is Klaus Van Hoogen," replied Pinckney. "He is now on the other side of the island, at Bekona, and he plans to sail for the Orient in two days. So the articles must be recovered at once."

"Lady Mountjoy can depend on us." Tim lifted his glass gallantly.

(Continued on page 64)

NO HOME ON THE RANGE

High-handed bureaucrats are slowly squeezing the cattle raisers off our public lands, a fact that isn't going to help a hungry world

BY SHERMAN BAKER AND BILL McCLURE

■ A man in a dark green uniform stepped out of his pick-up truck and walked over to the corral where the cattleman was wearily unsaddling his cow pony after a long day on the range. The rancher looked up quickly.

"Howdy, Ranger," he said.

"Hello," said the U. S. Forest Service Ranger. "How's the feed?" He asked the traditional western question concerning the state of the cattleman's ranges.

"Grass looks fine," the cattleman replied.

"Well," said the Forest Service man, "I've orders to make another ten per cent reduction in the number of head you can run."

"Another ten per cent! You people cut me ten per cent when I bought this place! Then you cut me twenty per cent last year when everything was so dry. Now, when we've had good rains and the grass is up to my stirrups, you cut me another ten per cent! What are you trying to do, put me out of business?"

"Orders from the supervisor!" The Ranger's voice was harsh.

"The supervisor never set foot on this range! He's got swivel-chair saddle sores! Sounds like a Hitler to me! Why—"

The Ranger cut him off sharply. "Any more talk like that and you'll be cut another ten per cent for non-co-operation!"

Scenes like this are a daily occurrence in the eleven western public-land states, 54 per cent of whose total area is owned by the federal government and rigidly controlled by 59 power-hungry bureaus.

In self-defense the stockman is attempting to acquire title to his lands, just like any other self-respecting small business man or farmer, to protect himself from the voracious government bureaus. To keep themselves alive and growing, the federal agencies are spending $75,000,000 annually out of the taxpayers' money for propaganda alone. So blatant has this propaganda become that Representative Forest A. Harness of Indiana is now spearheading a Congressional investigation.

This propaganda is directed at sportsmen, conservation groups, individual game protective groups, as well as many perhaps not-so-innocent sports publications devoted to the sale of firearms.

Through these groups and individuals the bureaus, particularly the Forest Service, are attempting to portray the American stockman as a greedy cattle baron who drives out at the point of his gun the small operator, the hunter, the fisherman.

READING TIME

6 MINUTES

Naturally the stock raiser is boiling mad about all this. For years now he has been subjected to increasing pressure designed to exclude him from the national forests. Not only is he caught in a systematic, long-range squeeze, but he is subject to the arbitrary whims of petty dictators.

Countless specific cases of injustice now pouring in for Congressional investigation reveal how completely the stockman is at the mercy of the bureaucrats. For example, there is the case of an Arizona cattleman who had to go out of business when his use of the range was cut 100 per cent. Another rancher was just as effectively stopped from raising cattle by a 90-per-cent cut. In one large Colorado area arbitrary and undeserved cuts ranging from 50 to 100 per cent were ordered without warning. In another instance a national forest supervisor, whose only knowledge of the situation was gained in a flight over the area, recommended a flat 50-per-cent reduction for an entire forest. He had not set foot on a single inch of the land.

In cases like these the public is told that the reductions are imposed solely in the interest of conservation, through lightening the grazing load, or distributing it more evenly. These slashes are called *distribution* or *protection* cuts, and some may actually distribute or protect.

But cattlemen are asking what is the justification for the 10- to 20-per-cent cut imposed every time a ranch is sold? Or what is the justification for the punitive cuts which are frequently made when the rancher will not "co-operate" with the Ranger?

Justified or not, the stockman has no redress. The final decision is in the hands of the Forest Service, which acts as prosecutor, judge, and jury. Forest Service officials have admitted that their semi-secret policy is ultimate elimination of the stock raiser from all national forest lands.

In spite of the fact that the stockman has been using these lands with full approval of the federal government since long before the Forest Service was established, the Forest Service contends that the stockman has no right on these lands. The agency begrudgingly grants him an ever-decreasing "privilege."

■ Proof that the stockman has a vested right on the land is that national forest grazing permits are bought and sold at approximately $100 a head. Further, the Internal Revenue Department considers that the value of a permit on national forest lands is enough of a vested right to be subject to an inheritance tax.

But the bureaucrats are not even consistent in their grazing policies, and among other things it is this inconsistency that makes the stockman's future so insecure. The most glaring example of this inconsistency

is the planned decrease in livestock and, at the same time, the alarming multiplication shown in the big-game herds. During the years 1918 to 1945 the Forest Service cut domestic livestock from 10,752,218 head to 5,186,590—a reduction of 52 per cent, and at the same time encouraged an increase in the number of big-game (deer, elk, and antelope) herds from 504,400 in 1921 to 2,179,000 in 1946 – an increase of more than 330 per cent.

That these great game herds are doing violent range damage in almost every one of the western states is admitted even by the chief of the Forest Service, Lyle F. Watts, and his assistant chief, C. M. Granger. Even during the war and the severe meat shortage, the bureaus refused to permit a reduction of the game herds in the national parks to increase production of meat and hides.

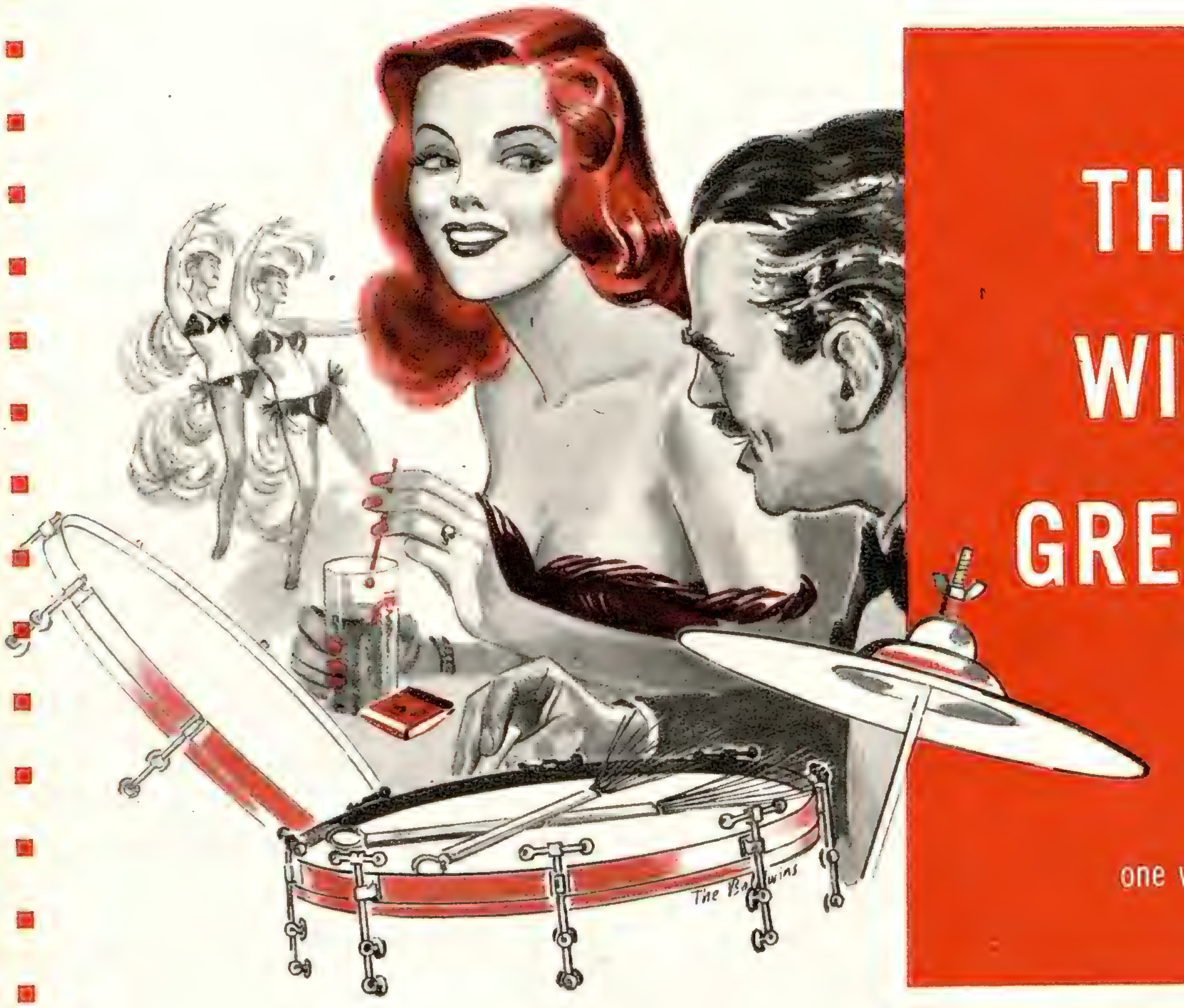
Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada, in a report on the administration and use of public lands, said that "for years the Grazing Service has, on a wholesale and increasing scale, used the large sums of soil and moisture conservation funds allotted to it to 'pad' its regular appropriations for administrative expenses," and "the land policies of the Grazing Service have been dominated by an obsession to increase, at all costs, the areas of land under its administration."

Right now, in addition to the vast kingdom of 228,759,969 acres administered in 152 national forests, the Forest Service wants to extend its control over a minimum of 48,250,000 acres more. It is interesting to remember that the Constitution limited the area that could be owned by the federal government in any one state to ten square miles.

What the stockman wants is reasonable stability and security in the conduct of his business, and freedom from government interference. He wants no less or no more regulation than any other small business man. He wants assurance that he won't have his props knocked out from under him at the whim of some petty dictator. According to Farrington Carpenter, first chief of the Grazing Service, the lands the stockmen want returned to them offer almost no fishing, certainly not in streams of the type depicted in the propaganda photographs, and very little big-game hunting. He says, "These lands, the leftovers after the homesteaders and all other land seekers had gotten all they could, include 165,000,000 acres in the 11 western states, and 90 per cent of them have less than 15 inches of rainfall per year. Their highest use is the grazing of livestock."

The question boils down to the fundamental one of public as against private ownership. The stockman is supported in his stand for the purchase of Taylor grazing lands by the formal policy declarations of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. He is supported by numerous declarations by governors and state legislatures.

Finally a hungry world knows that grass unharvested goes to waste; harvested it makes meat for you and me, and for Europe and China. ■ ■



THE GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES

Joe was a sucker for redheads. This one was dangerously inviting

BY HENRY NORTON ILLUSTRATED BY THE BALDW

▪ The minute the big redhead came through the cigarette fog by the door, Joe knew he was a goner. He was always a goner for red-haired girls in green evening dress, but this one was special. This was the large noneconomy size, three inches less than Joe's own six-foot-one, and every shining ounce in its proper place. This was payday in the mines, the atomic age, and heigh-ho come to the fair.

He patted Betty's knee and said, "Minute."

"Joe!" she said.

She grabbed for his arm as he stood up, and then Joe was gone, making his careful way through clumps of flowering conversationalists, thin plantings of wallflowers, and the lush growth about the bar.

This was real, he thought happily. And he used to think big-game hunting was fun! This was real stalking—and no domesticated tabby, either. This number was a wild kitty, like Kipling's wild one who walked the wild roofs by its wild love—however the rest of it went.

He executed a neat enveloping movement that cut off the approach of two other stalkers, avoided a blonde woman who waved to him, and stood beside the redhead with a happy smile.

She took it calmly.

"Get lost?" she said.

"Lovely chest tones," he said. "Very lovely chest."

She turned a little toward him, and eyes that were the color of her dress appraised his height and breadth, and the way he stood easily and straight, wearing his hair like a war bonnet.

Somewhat less coldly she met his eyes and said, "I'm escorted."

"Don't apologize," Joe told her pleasantly. "We hadn't met—how were you to know?"

"I'm engaged."

"You're engaged, you're lovely, you probably use that face cream," Joe said. "Should that interfere with our having a dance, a drink, a flight to Rio—the romance of the century?"

Her teeth were as nice as the rest of her. "I'm not sure he'd approve," she said. "I'm engaged to Rory Tuscan. He used to be an All-America football player."

Joe Colby frowned without knowing it. The frown lines were etched faintly in his forehead, and they deepened when he heard the name. It was quite unconscious and involuntary, but the girl saw it and was amused.

"Leave us not discuss the opposition," Joe said. "Leave us instead talk about Joe Colby and—"

She hesitated nicely and then said, also nicely, "Nita Crane."

"Wonderful Nita," he said. "Let's leave this dull party and go where the drinks are better; some place where there is laughter, love, and dancing in the streets."

"But, Mr. Colby, you're giving this party!"

"That's the reason I know the drinks are bad!" he said.

He enclosed her arm in warm confident fingers, and she did not draw away. Her attitude had gone subtly from one of discouragement to one of interest, though it could hardly be called one of invitation.

She said, "But Rory—"

"Look," Joe said urgently. "For the first hour he'll think you're loitering in the powder room; for the second hour he'll think he stayed at the bar too long and missed you—and from then on it won't matter!"

"I'll get my wrap."

They left the apartment and walked down four flights to avoid the people in the lobby. As he sank back in the taxi, Joe hoped that the trembling in his knees was from excitement. This was a moment he had always found exciting.

His fingers touched her ermine sleeve gently.

"Someone has good taste," he said.

She looked at the soft fur and smiled at Joe. "I paid for it myself," she said. "But Rory picked it out. He's very clever about furs, you know."

"He does all right," Joe said shortly.

Rory Tuscan was very clever about furs. Who'd know better than Joe Colby, who owned the wholesale fur company where Rory worked? He knew what Rory Tuscan wanted—managership of the Seattle branch. And there were two other men just as clever who wanted the same thing. Joe looked sidelong at the redhead.

All this and promotion too! It's too good for him!

They went to a place where the drinks were very good and very expensive. They drank Scotch. After a while they left and went to another place, identical except for the decorations.

READING TIME

8 MINUTES

Joe saw and nodded to quite a few people here who had also been in the first place. They went on to two more similar places. Nothing was in any way different or unusual in any of them, from the personal greeting Joe got from the headwaiter to the quality of the drinks.

At the fourth place, Joe's dancing began to be somewhat erratic.

The girl said, "Shall we go, Mr. Colby?"

"Pretty Nita," he said. "May I call you Miss Crane?"

Unruffled, she said, "Yes, Joe."

He smiled at her. "I could use some coffee."

"You may not believe this, but I'm tired of watching you pay for things," said Nita Crane. "Come on up to the apartment and I'll make some coffee."

■

As he waited to ransom his hat at the checkroom Joe managed a blurry glimpse of himself in the mirror. He grinned slyly at the image. Not bad. Nice flat waistline, and that powder of gray at the temples did something. Man of distinction, he told himself, and rejected the thought at once because it reminded him that his eyes were red and the grin in the mirror had a loose look.

They drank their coffee quietly, sitting together on the divan in the girl's apartment. She was a graceful and attentive hostess.

When Joe put his cup down finally and reached for her hand, she came softly and comfortably against his shoulder.

Hoarsely against the red gold of her hair, he said, "Nita!"

She leaned away to smile at him. There was tenderness in her smile, and something else—something he did not like, for it was dangerously close to deference.

"You're a good guy, Joe," she said.

He fumbled for something to say. Surely in the long past there must be an echo of the proper phrase, the light-hearted word. There wasn't. There was nothing but a sudden and vast longing. He knew with final and terrific clarity that this mattered—to him.

"I want to do so much for you," he said.

Her eyes crinkled in the faintest hint of mischief. "There is something, Joe. You could make me terribly happy."

"Anything!"

She put her hands on his shoulders. "Joe, give the Seattle job to Rory! He'll be wonderful in a place where he can use his own judgment. You'll never regret it, really you won't!"

■

He sat up straight, knowing that his expression was that of a sulky boy, unable to control the quick resentment that flooded up in him.

"That's the reason you've been so agreeable all evening," he said harshly, "so you could talk me into coming through with a promotion to your boy friend."

"No," she said. "It's been fun."

"How far would you go to get a job for Rory?"

The smile faded, but she continued to look at him with bright directness. "Everything I've done so far, Joe, I've done willingly. But—"

Petulantly he said, "You don't really like me."

The complete ineffectiveness of his words made Nita laugh, suddenly and clearly. She put her palms on his face and kissed him on the mouth.

"You're a sweet old thing!"

Joe stood up wearily, feeling the pull of tired muscles in his legs. Somewhere in the rip and pull of emotion the exhilaration was gone, the bright haze vanished. His eyes smarted, but his sight was clear.

He saw himself in the mirror across the room, a middle-aged man whose hair was graying, whose eyes were pouched with fatigue. Here, in the last hours of an overlong day, it was hard to hold himself so tautly erect.

"Rory can have it," he said.

The kiss he took in parting was as cool and impersonal as a child's greeting. The doorman called a taxi for him, and Joe Colby slouched down in the seat.

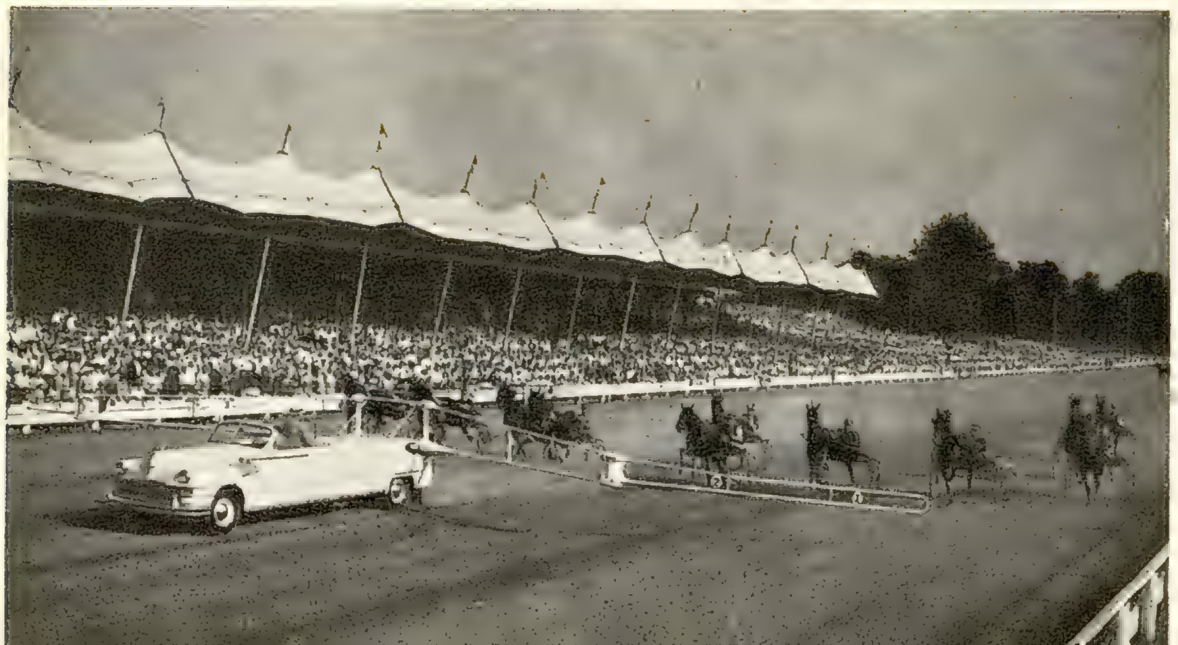
He'd have to tell Betty something—maybe say he'd been playing Cupid for Nita and Rory. Betty would believe him. She was a trusting wife—she always believed him. And this was the last time she'd have to.

He remembered a word he'd seen—Portuguese, wasn't it?—*soudade:* the sadness that comes from realizing the world is large and man has but a little time on it; the sadness over the beautiful places he would never see and the desirable women he would never love. The time when no more is possible.

It was not his problem exclusively. Joe thought of several elderly Casanovas he'd known, and shuddered.

"Anyway," he told himself, "you're a sweet old thing!" ■ ■

THE ROARING GRAND



Hands that fingered a violin now hold the strings on a trotter (above). Neil Boardman not so long ago taught violin at South Dakota U. Now he teaches sulky pullers the way home.

Starting gates save time. Here the horses get off to a good start in the $50,000 Hambletonian.

U. S. TROTTING ASSOCIATION, ACME AND CAMART

Harness racing is now big business, a sport that has graduated from the classes to the masses

Jimmy Creed, chestnut pacer, setting a new world record of a mile and an eighth in 2:08 3/5 with Ralph Baldwin driving. Jimmy Creed was top money winner at Hollywood Park last year.

Greyhound, holder of 16 world records and grand champion of all trotters, flies through the air with the greatest of ease. The camera has caught him with all four feet off the ground.

■ The Grand Circuit of harness racing, or the Roaring Grand, as the fans call it, has now grown into a multimillion-dollar sport. Individual purses have gone over $60,000 and million-dollar days at the betting windows are fairly common. This season there will be 16 Grand Circuit race meetings at 15 tracks. (Roosevelt Raceway, Long Island, will hold two meetings.) The total prize list will amount to $2,096,000, an all-time high and an increase of half a million over last year.

Yet, for all its importance to harness racing, the Grand Circuit still holds to the basic tenet it set for itself when it was organized with four members in 1873. That was to be a nation-wide booking agency for the cream of light harness racing.

Today the boss of the Circuit is dynamic, graying Octave Blake, head of the Cornell-Dubilier Electric Corp. As owner of Newport Stock Farm's stable, he races one of the sport's leading string of trotters. He inherited his interest in the sport from his father who for years bred and raced trotters in Vermont. The Grand Circuit prexy misses very few race meets and during the season his itinerary reads like a travel folder for See America First. His business still serves him well in the world of harness racing, for the sport has grown so fast in recent years that modern raceway methods have had to be adopted, including pari-mutuel betting. Ten big-time tracks will use pari-mutuel machines this season. Legalized wagering also brought the photo finish, saliva tests, and other protections for the public. And with mechanical starting gates the fans no longer have to tear their hair over false starts. Mr. Blake himself is the inventor of one type of gate.

Member track representatives to the governing Board of Stewards each pays a fee of about $250 a year. That is the sole income of the Roaring Grand. A stable that strictly follows Grand Circuit meetings this year will travel more than 11,000 miles, coast to coast, to complete the entire tour. The current season started at Santa Anita, Calif., April 2, and will end October 23 at Aurora Downs, Ill. Other stops on the topline circuit this year are Fairmont Park, Collinsville, Ill.; Maywood Park, Chicago; Milwaukee; Springfield, Du Quoin, Ill.; Indianapolis; Delaware, Ohio; Reading, Pa.; Saratoga, Goshen (two tracks), Roosevelt Raceway, N. Y.; Lexington, Ky.

A thundering story of sand hogs who drill the river bottoms and fight for life—and love

ILLUSTRATED BY RIC GRASSO **BY WILBUR S. PEACOCK**

High air man

I remember Molly crying, the night that Dad was killed. The house was still; vibrating some from the *thump-mmm-thump* of the air compressors at the tunnel shack; but except for that and the sound of Molly's crying in her bedroom, there just wasn't any sound.

I cried too, trying to muffle the sound in my pillow. I kept remembering how Dad had looked when the tunnel gang brought his body up. It didn't seem possible that his booming laugh and Irish jokes wouldn't fill the house any longer.

I wanted to move then; I wanted to get away from the tunnel and the hogs. I didn't tell Molly why; I just told her what I wanted. I guess if it hadn't been for Jim Bishop, we might have, too. But Jim was there, big and solid and dependable, and it seemed like Molly just couldn't tear herself away from him.

He took charge of the funeral arrangements, and he was with us when Dad was buried. The other hogs were there too, big and rough and ill at ease.

I remember seeing Mike Flynn then. He was big and redheaded. He stood far back in the crowd, and he didn't come up to say anything to Molly and me. Later, of course, I found out he was the new heading boss, come to take Dad's place; for the company was big, and even death couldn't stop the man-killing work ninety feet below the river.

The days passed, after the funeral. School let out, and I had time on my hands until the next year's term started. Molly had gone to work as a secretary at the Company, and the house wasn't quite so lonesome as it had first been when Dad was gone.

Jim Bishop came over almost every night. He was in love with Molly, I guess; anyway it looked that way to me. And I could see that Molly liked him better than anybody else, always fixing special meals for him and going to dances and kissing him good night. Even if I was her brother, I felt left out of things a whole lot.

I think that was one of the reasons I asked Mike Flynn for a job in the tunnel. High pressure was in my blood, I guess; my grandpa and dad both had been hogs.

"You're Tommy O'Shaughnessy, aren't you?" Mike said that day. "Well, if you're half the man your dad was, you'll be twice as good as any hog in the hole."

I could feel a quiver run through me, unlike anything I'd ever felt before. I'd been down before, along with Dad, but I'd never worked in the bellowing bedlam, under forty pounds of pressure, and now that I was asking for a job, I saw everything in a different way.

READING TIME

19 MINUTES

Mike Flynn must have noticed, for he grinned; and he was like my dad then, big and hearty, blue eyes shiny with laughter. Mike packed his pipe and lit it. "Well, get along to the doc and get a certificate you're O.K. I'll see what can be done about putting you on a gang."

We had supper, and then I helped Molly clear away the dishes. I kept trying to think of a way to tell her I was going into the tunnel, but the words stuck in my throat, until I almost gave up the idea of working, rather than explain.

We were listening to the radio when Mike Flynn knocked at the door. He was red-faced and embarrassed, big hands twisting nervously together, when Molly brought him into the front room.

"Hello, Tommy," he said to me.

"Hello, Mike," I said, wondering what he wanted.

He sat, twiddling his fingers like an overgrown kid.

"I wanted to talk to you, Miss O'Shaughnessy," Mike said. "Tommy wants to work in the tunnel."

"No!" Molly said, and I saw the whiteness come into her face. "No, he's but a boy."

"I'm seventeen," I said, feeling my ears burn hotly.

"Mr. Flynn, you don't understand," Molly said. "Our dad and grandpa both died in the tunnels. We've given enough. Tommy's going to school to be a doctor."

"That right, Tommy?" Mike asked, and I nodded.

"Sure," I said, "but that takes dough. I can use whatever I can save."

"You want to go down?"

"Sure," I said, but I could feel the fluttering in my stomach.

Mike didn't look my way; he just fiddled with his pipe.

"I'll see no harm comes to him, ma'am," he said. "I think the tunnel's the place for him right now."

Molly's gaze sought Mike's. He nodded as though they shared some secret.

"All right," Molly said.

After that, we didn't talk any more about the job. It was funny how the loneliness went from the house that night. Molly laughed as she hadn't in days; and when Mike began to tell Irish jokes, laughing and with his eyes twinkling, it was just as though Dad were back.

We sat up later than usual, drinking cider and eating doughnuts.

Molly came in to kiss me good night, and there were stars in her eyes.

"Thanks, Sis," I said. "I'll be careful." I grinned. "Mike's quite a guy,

(Continued on page 60)

I don't remember that trip to the bulkhead. Voices screamed inside my head, and Mike was a dead weight.

THE OTHER WHITE HOUSE HARRY

BY STACY V. JONES

■ Major General Harry Hawkins Vaughan recently gave a pungent description of his job at the White House.

"I've got a bucket of turpentine," he confided to a Missouri visitor, "and it's my job to pour it on people's tails."

The tails belong to bureaucrats, and the general applies his turpentine to get action on items lost in the vast shuffle of departmental business. As the President's military aide, he is the White House contact with the Army.

When he was raised to his present rank, a brass hat was heard to remark that "the President has just made his bartender a major general."

This was, of course, unfair, but was good for a laugh in the Army and Navy Club.

To understand Harry Vaughan you must remember he is the same fellow he was back in Missouri, with no more airs than when he ran a creosoting plant.

Vaughan is just as glad to see his old friends, and just as loyal to the other Harry.

Today Vaughan carries about 15 pounds more than the 210 at which, as Pug Vaughan, he played center for Westminster College, at Fulton, Mo., some 30 years ago. Never a stickler for military form, the general acquired a reputation for sloppiness when he entered the White House in 1945, but of late he has been much better pressed.

In applying his figurative turpentine, General Vaughan has carefully avoided splashing General Eisenhower and General Omar N. Bradley, Ike's successor as Chief of Staff. The President early cautioned him against any attempt to run the War Department.

In 1946 Vaughan was named "White House co-ordinator of matters pertaining to veterans." As co-ordinator he is occasionally called on to settle differences among the 15 government agencies whose work affects the veterans.

Veterans' organizations also look to him. Into his pleasant office in the east executive wing of the White House pour streams of visitors, letters, and telephone calls. One of his jobs is to help the President dispose of Missourians they both know.

Visitors are often agape at his picturesque language. Dr. Vaughan (LL.D., Westminster, 1946) likes to use such pungent expressions as "she looks like death warmed over," or "as popular as a skunk at a garden party."

Quite innocently, Harry Vaughan has had a considerable influence on history. For one thing, he is largely responsible for Harry Truman's return to the Senate in 1940. In that year, smart Missouri money was backing others for the Democratic nomination.

The job of becoming Truman's campaign treasurer fell to Vaughan —then traveling salesman for a Milwaukee bindery.

Truman and his treasurer had about $150 between them. Vaughan bought $150 worth of 1½-cent stamps, and sent out unsealed appeals for dollar contributions. With the dollars that came back, he pyramided by buying more 1½-cent stamps and sending out more open-flap appeals—20,000 or 30,000 in all. In the end, the Truman fund totaled less than $18,000, which Harry Vaughan considers an all-time low for senatorial re-elections.

Harry Vaughan made history, too, through Winston Churchill, whom in a church address he had described as "a garrulous old gentleman." A Westminster classmate of Harry Vaughan, Franc L. ("Bullet") McCluer, then president of the college, called at the White House and asked whether Vaughan could help him get Churchill to make the annual address on international affairs provided for by an endowment. He had a letter of invitation ready, and Vaughan took him to see the President.

READING TIME

6 MINUTES

Truman wrote a postscript on the bottom of the letter: "This is a fine old college in my state, and if you can find time to go out and speak there, I'll go out and introduce you."

Churchill accepted from Florida, where he was resting, and made his famous "iron curtain" speech urging close association of the United States and Britain to stem Russian expansion.

■ The 30-year friendship between Truman and his aide began when they met first in the Missouri National Guard, and served overseas in different artillery regiments of the 35th Division. Vaughan came out of World War I with two wounds and two decorations. Both men remained in the Reserve and saw each other at Fort Riley nearly every summer for twenty years.

Vaughan was called to duty after Pearl Harbor as a lieutenant colonel and sent to Australia. For fourteen months he was provost marshal at Brisbane.

A candid interview with a Brisbane newspaper resulted in the sudden termination of Vaughan's job as provost marshal. He was transferred to Sydney.

While he was there, a plane overshot its runway, injuring him. He was sent to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington for treatment. When he was well enough, with a limp and with a Bronze Star for his Brisbane service, he went to work for the Truman Committee.

Vaughan was assistant to Brigadier General Frank E. Lowe, the committee's executive officer, but didn't take it very seriously.

"General Lowe doesn't do anything," he told a friend, "and I help him do it."

In 1944 Vaughan bet one of the committee lawyers a bottle of bourbon that Truman wouldn't get the Vice-Presidential nomination, and had to pay off.

He became the first military aide to a Vice-President, because no other Vice-President had asked for one. Naturally Vaughan stepped into the White House as Truman's military aide.

At poker, Vaughan says the President has the edge on him over their 30 years of play. The White House group may include Charles G. Ross, press secretary; John Steelman, Presidential assistant; Clark Clifford, special counsel; or Brigadier General Wallace Graham, the President's physician; as well as John W. Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury.

The play as a general thing is for low stakes.

■ When he's not away with Harry Truman on the President's frequent trips, Harry Vaughan dines in the Alexandria home built for him in 1941.

Neighbors may see him playing catch with his 13-year-old son David (daughter Janet, 19, goes to William and Mary) or moving a rosebush for Mrs. Vaughan. He is a good amateur carpenter and cabinetmaker and adept at repairing faucets. In the community he's a Boy Scout official, a volunteer fireman, and teaches a Sunday-school class.

The general, now 54, has no post-White House plans. He has been offered half a dozen excellent jobs, but he suspects it was because he's close to the President. He won't take them seriously unless they're renewed when he's out.

In the meantime he's happy to be a major general and aide to the other Harry. ■■

General Vaughan acquired a reputation for sloppiness when he first entered the White House. He's better pressed now. Here he gets a major general's star from the President.

When General Vaughan, the President's Military Aide, once said his job was to pour turpentine on people's tails to get action, he wasn't kidding. He's burned up many a high official in the years he has had the ear and confidence of Harry Truman

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Two ex-G.I.s hell-bent on making a million have come up with something to replace the sweat-and-swear method of growing a lawn

HOW TO GROW A LAWN PAINLESSLY!

BY EDWIN DIEHL

■ When the average suburbanite decides the time has come to plant a lawn, he digs up the ground, rolls it carefully, buys premium grass seed, expensive fertilizer, and pounds of hormones to speed its growth. He usually does all this in the spring. Then, after much week-end perspiration, he sits back to watch the thick green carpet rise magically from the ground.

More often the wind blows the seed away, or the birds enjoy a three-day feast, or a rainstorm washes it all into a gully. If, by chance, his turf should appear after this battle with the elements, the summer sun is usually so blisteringly hot that it burns up the grass before the lawn mower can perform its function even once.

"An inefficient, costly, and unsatisfactory way to plant a lawn," every man who has ever sweated to create a majestic spread of green growls in disgust.

The scientist echoes his complaint, then adds: "Nature's own seeding time is in the fall. Why do the dopes persist in planting lawns in the spring anyway?"

To take care of that problem of the wind, the birds, and the rain, two ex-G.I.s hell-bent for making a million dollars have come up with something to replace the old sweat-and-swear method. With a pre-planted, tailor-made lawn that comes in rolls like paper towels, William H. Woolf and Paul Korn are well on the road to high income-tax problems. They have not only eliminated the hazards of planting and cut down on the amount of work required, but they have developed it to where it is less expensive, requires less watering, and is almost guaranteed to grow the perfect lawn.

The new turfing material is a roll of pure cellulose wadding resembling a three-ply paper napkin. Manufactured in rolls 20 feet long by 2½ feet wide—it sells for two dollars a roll retail—it ensures a perfect seed distribution, something almost impossible when you scatter grass seed by hand. On a machine that resembles a printing press, the seed is preplanted in the cellulose wadding, accurately and evenly distributed from a controlled hopper, and at the same time necessary fertilizer and root-stimulating hormones are spread onto the roll.

Miles from a vagrant blade of grass in downtown New York City, Woolf and Korn have revised the usual lawn-building process to three easy steps: preparing the soil, unrolling their product, and sprinkling with water. By soil preparation, they mean the usual method of spading the area to a depth of six inches, raking it clean, and giving it a quick once-over wth a roller. After rolling out Tailor-Made Lawn, their trade name, all that remains is to spread an eighth of an inch of dirt over it to keep it in place, and sprinkle lightly. Because the cellulose wadding holds up to 16 times its own weight in water, the seeds germinate more quickly and as a result your lawn doesn't need as much of the constant before-dusk watering most lawns require.

The seedlings grow up through the cellulose material and the young roots penetrate to the earth below. After several weeks an even stand of grass is established and the cellulose wadding disintegrates, adding further nutritive matter to the composition of the soil.

Because the seed is held firmly in place in the wadding, the roll-your-own-lawn product is ideal for terraces, slopes, and embankments, where washouts have long been a curse in lawn planting. Light and convenient to handle, the rolls are handy for patching bare spots in your old lawn or the strip the kids keep running over. You can cut the material to any shape or size desired, which makes it particularly desirable for landscaping patterns.

The seed mixture used in this new product is suitable for any ground and sunny or shady areas. Comprising one of nature's prize cocktails, the mixture includes Kentucky Bluegrass, Illahee, Creeping, Red Fescue, Colonial Bent, Red Top, and Domestic Ryegrass, along with the pulverized fertilizer and plant hormones and a fungicide to prevent seeds molding and rotting.

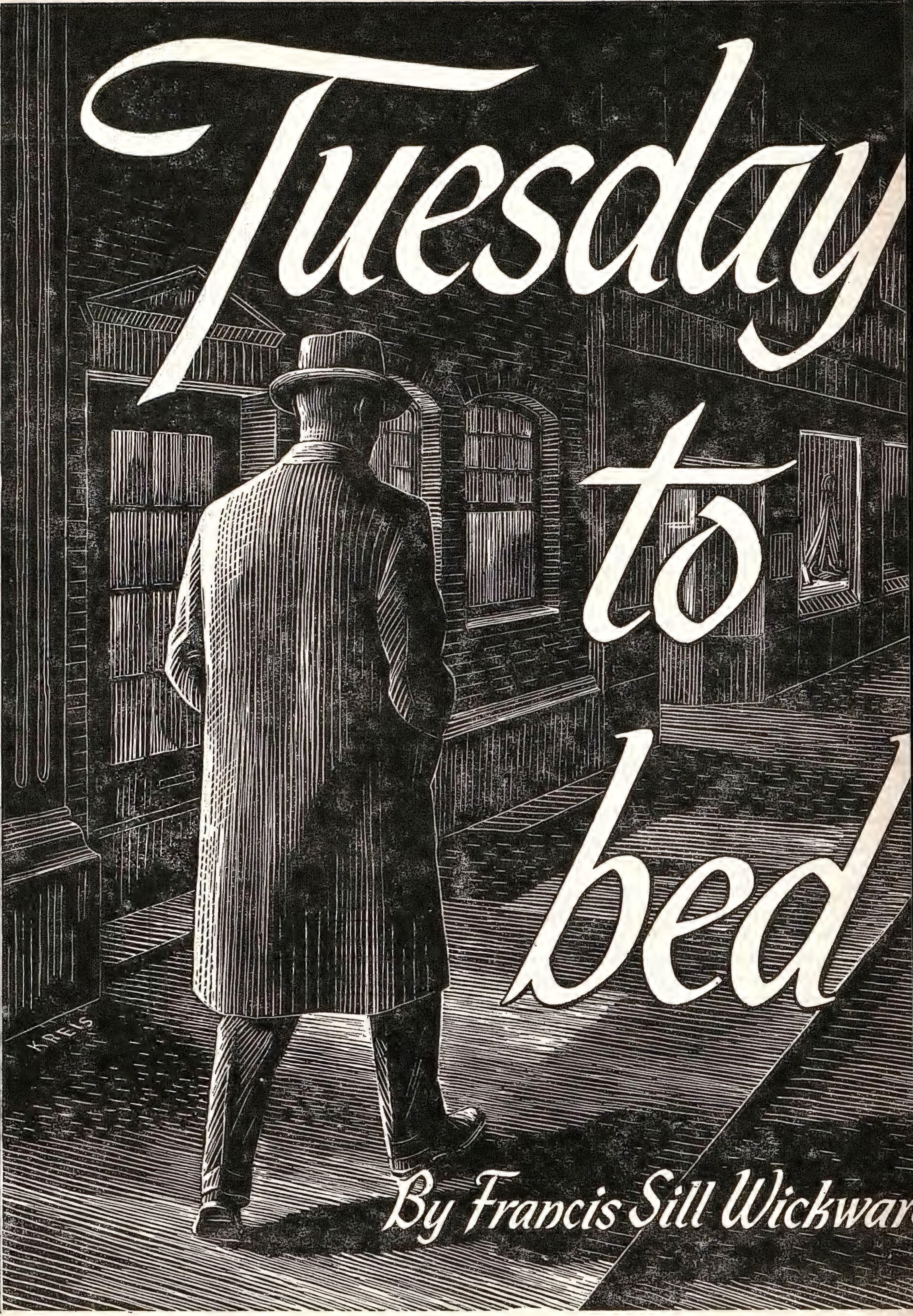
■ Dr. Thomas C. Longnecker, when he was research specialist at Rutgers University's New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, conducted a series of tests on two different slopes of approximately 30 degrees. Where he used a roll-a-lawn process "the grass seed came through and produced good quality turf in spite of the fact that heavy rains were received shortly after the seedings were made." He went on to add that the "normal methods of broadcasting seed under these conditions were almost complete failures because the heavy rainfall washed almost all of the seed down to the foot of the slope."

Woolf and Korn, a couple of easy-going shy fellows who became friends when they were at Brown University together, stumbled on their idea in 1941. They had sat down at their desks to deliberately think up an idea that would put them into big business. Woolf was a liquid-rubber expert and Korn a sculptor who has won his share of prizes at the Beaux Arts Institute of Design. Both had a great deal of energy and an inventive bent, and they wanted to be in business for themselves instead of working for somebody else. The war interrupted their plans, but when both were discharged in 1946, they leased a loft in New York and constructed the two-ton machine they had to invent to turn out their discovery of making lawns easier to plant. ■■

A *Liberty* BOOK CONDENSATION ~ Reading Time . . . One Evening

Tuesday to bed

By Francis Sill Wickwar



A tender, scintillating novel about the right girl,

the wrong wife, and the man who has to choose between them

TUESDAY TO BED

BY FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

Stanton Wylie, lying on his back in bed, with one arm crooked around his head on the pillow, opened his eyes slowly and wondered why he was awake. For a split second he even wondered where he was. Then his gaze wandered to an oblong of brown sole leather which seemed to be resting on the blanket at the foot of the bed. He vaguely recognized it, after a while, as the top of his overnight case, and he remembered . . .

Chicago; the Century this afternoon; the speech. Words began to parade through his mind. "Mr. President, Members of the Committee, Ladies and Gentlemen of the convention . . ."

He sat up, stretching mightily, yawning, running a big-fingered hand through tawny hair, and making the bed seem preposterously inadequate to support him. He was a big man, sparely built; in some attitudes he suggested one of the old Brady photographs of Lincoln.

He reached out and automatically turned off the switch on the cord trailing from his blanket, then looked automatically toward his wife's bed. It was empty.

What is Betsy doing up so early? he thought, and then reached out for the switch on her blanket. She never remembered, never would remember, he thought, but indulgently. She wouldn't be the same if she did remember, and he didn't want to change her. He caught the whiff of her perfume from the sheets as he leaned toward her bed with his hand on the switch, and he experienced a sensation of tingling gladness as sudden and exuberant as a bursting skyrocket. The speech has got to be good, he told himself. I want her to be proud of it.

". . . We stand on the threshold of a new era," he rehearsed as he dressed I'll say we do, he added to himself.

". . . up to us to see that it is the era of achievement and promise—promise of a—" he proclaimed loudly on his way downstairs—"promise of a following era of even greater achievement. We can't do all of it ourselves, in our generation. But we have the tools at hand and the know-how in our minds and we can— Damn!"

It was an old house, built for average Americans of the post-Revolution period, and since then average Americans had added several inches to their stature. When he wasn't watching for it, Stanton invariably bumped his head against a beam halfway down the staircase.

Then he heard his wife's voice around the corner

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ILLUSTRATED BY HANS KREIS

from the living room. It was a rich, warm, husky voice, but now it sounded strained and urgent. ". . . Yes, yes, I'll call you later, can't talk now. Yes, *later*. Good-by." He heard the hollow sound when she dropped the receiver back onto the base of the telephone, then the hurrying rustle of her moiré dressing gown. He called, "Betsy, I think I've got it. The speech is all set, and I want you to listen to this—"

Suddenly she appeared, saw him, and stopped as though she had run into an invisible barrier.

"Why, Stan—I didn't know—how long have you been here?"

"Hope and belief, Betsy—that's what I'll tell them. To build, make, create—that's the theme. We *must* believe, we *must* have hope, because otherwise we destroy ourselves. Do you see what I mean? Do you think it's good?"

He paused, looking at her and waiting for her verdict, the way a dog might look at a man, or a child at his mother.

Betsy took a deep breath and rustled toward Stanton. He thought, Everything I build is for her; she's so lovely.

Actually Betsy was acquiring a matronly fullness around the bust. There was a prediction of sagging in the line of her jaw, and the corners of her mouth were starting to make a permanent downward curve which gave her an almost petulant expression.

But Stanton saw none of this. His indelible vision of Betsy was one of the girl he married when she was two years out of Farmington, one of the notable beauties of the Eastern seaboard, and perhaps the most sought-after debutante in the entire platinum triangle between Cambridge, Hanover and Annapolis.

She looked down now, and turned her face aside when he kissed her, and her hands in the rustling sleeves of her dressing gown merely brushed his shoulders. When he put his arms around her she stiffened and backed away.

"Who were you talking to?" he asked.

"Talking to? Oh, just now—on the phone? Is that what you mean? That was . . . uh . . . Mrs. Hazen about the Red Cross drive. Come on, Stan—breakfast's on the table, getting cold."

"Do you really think it's good?"

"Good? Good? What—?"

"My speech. The idea, theme—"

"Oh." There was relief in her voice. "A marvelous idea, Stanton, really, wonderful. I'm so glad you finally have it straightened out. You've been worrying over it all week, haven't you?" She lightly slipped an arm through his and guided him into the breakfast room.

"Hello, Dad. There's another story about you in the paper this morning." Jeremy, his son, named for an uncle of Betsy's who conceivably might leave something, had Betsy's straw-blonde hair, her violet eyes with black lashes, and more than a little of her manner.

"Morning, Jerry. What are they saying about me this time?"

He glanced at the folded copy of the Westport *Herald* lying beside his plate, and saw the headline: WESTPORT MAN TO RECEIVE COVETED ARCHITECTURAL AWARD; WILL ADDRESS CHICAGO GROUP. He read the story perfunctorily: "Mr. Stanton Wylie, of Crestview Road, Westport, departs this afternoon for Chicago, where he will attend the annual banquet of the American Association of Architects and Industrial Designers, to be held tomorrow night at the Hotel Stevens. The banquet will be marked by the formal presentation of the Association's 1947 annual award for the most distinguished contribution to American architecture. Considered the most coveted prize in the profession, the award this year went to Mr. Wylie for his plan and model of 'the ideal American city,' which was four years in preparation. Mr. Wylie, still in his thirties, is the youngest architect to receive the award since it was first established in 1910. . . . A graduate of Harvard University and the Harvard School of Architecture . . . . Worked on the Manhattan District Project at Oak Ridge, Tenn., during the war. . . . His wife, Elizabeth Wylie, is active in club and society affairs throughout Fairfield County and is well known as a charming and popular hostess. . . ."

"Dad, is your speech going to be on the radio?" Jeremy asked.

"No, thank Heaven, it won't be," he said. "I wouldn't want my friends listening in. I may make a fool of myself."

"No you won't, Dad. I'll bet you'll wow them. When will the article about you be in *Life*, Dad?"

"I'm not sure," Stanton said. "When they called me the other day, the girl told me they wanted it ready to go to press Tuesday. 'To bed,' she called it."

"She's meeting you on the Century this afternoon, isn't she?" Betsy asked. "What's her name?"

"Mm . . . Mainwaring, I believe," he said. "Nancy Mainwaring. Now," he added severely to Jeremy, "please don't go telling people in school about this."

"Oh, that's silly, Stan," Betsy said. "You can't expect Jeremy not to be excited about his famous father. Why, I've told all my friends. Don't you want us to be proud of you?"

It was on the tip of his tongue to say, Are you proud of me, or proud of the publicity I'm getting? But instead he said, "I rather hoped you were a little proud of me already."

"Oh, Stan, don't act like a wounded child! You know perfectly well what I mean."

"Yes, I suppose so. But—oh, let's not argue about it. I want my breakfast." He started to apply himself to his grapefruit, then looked up at her. "I'm sorry, sweet. Didn't mean to bark. It's just that everything has happened so suddenly."

"I know, Stan. It's all right." She reached over and ever so lightly squeezed his hand. In return, he took hers and held it in a firm grip.

"I wish you were coming with me, Betsy."

"Stan, it's out of the question. I've got a dozen things I simply have to do tomorrow."

"Such as what?" Stanton inquired.

"Why, there's the Community Chest meeting for one thing, and the social-events committee of the country club is getting together to go over the plans for the Halloween party."

"Oh, well," he sighed.

They proceeded with their separate breakfasts in silence. Then Betsy said, "Oh, by the way, Stan . . . uh . . . what time are you getting back?"

"I don't know yet," he replied. "It depends on how late the banquet goes on and whether I can get a plane afterward. There was some talk about a get-together with the committee after the banquet. An informal celebration, or something. If all goes well, I'll be here for late breakfast Sunday morning."

"Oh," Betsy sipped her coffee demurely. "I thought you said you were going to stay over and spend Sunday in Winnetka with your mother?"

"Yes, I was planning on that, but Mother's busy all day Sunday, so what's the point? Anyway—" he looked at her in surprise—"how did you remember that? I only mentioned it once, and that must have been two weeks ago."

"Why, I don't know. I have a reasonably good memory, Stan." She rose.

He glance at his wrist watch, drained his coffee cup.

"I'll slip into a dress while you finish packing," she said, on her way out of the breakfast room. "Everything's in your bag except your dinner jacket."

At the Westport station, Betsy pulled into the line of cars disgorging husbands for the nine fifty-five, and stopped opposite the door of the waiting room. She put her hand on his shoulder and turned her face toward him. "Well, Stan, here we are. Don't you want to kiss me good-by? You've scarcely said a word since we left the house."

"Of course I want to," Stan muttered.

He put his arms around her swiftly, drew her close and brought his mouth against hers. For a moment she pressed herself toward him and parted her lips for his kiss. Beneath his arms he felt her body tremble, and from her throat came something like a sob. Then she drew back.

Stanton grinned at her. His spirits had risen immeasurably during their embrace, and a sense of aloneness which had come over him at breakfast suddenly lifted. She was his girl again; still the wonderful, beautiful Betsy he had married.

■ "Morning, Stanton," he heard a voice at his side as he took a seat in the train. "Keeping bankers' hours these days, I see."

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Hazen. Is this your regular train? I usually get the eight-thirty."

Some people in Westport said that Chester Hazen was nothing but a rapacious old Wall Street lawyer who had stolen millions in his heyday and now was trying to atone for his former depredations with a pretense of good works. Anyway, he was a cultivated and engaging old gentleman.

"Don't you usually go south about this time of year?" Stanton inquired. "You're not going to sit out one of our Connecticut winters, are you?"

"No, no, I'm too old. The cold gets into my bones, and I stiffen up like a board. No, as a matter of fact, I'm leaving Sunday—be back once or twice a month, of course."

"Mrs. Hazen going down with you, I suppose?" Stanton said, making conversation.

"Mrs. Hazen? Oh, she's been down all week."

Stanton frowned in a puzzled way. "That's funny," he said. "I heard Betsy—Mrs. Wylie—say she had been talking to her on the phone this morning, about the Red Cross drive. I must have misunderstood."

Hazen's head was tilted back. He half turned to Stanton to say something, then stopped.

They read their newspapers in silence until the train paused briefly at 125th Street.

"Ah . . . by the way, Stanton, seen that actor fellow lately?"

"You mean Billy Paige?"

"That's the one."

"Why—" Stanton considered—"I saw him a little while last Sunday. He came out for tennis and stayed for the cocktail party at the club. What makes you

ask?"

"Just happened to think of him," Hazen replied. "What do you think of that chap, anyway?"

"I never thought much about him, one way or the other." Paige was a little too deft, a little too facile, a little too well dressed, a little too aggressively handsome for Stanton's taste, but he was pleasant enough and seemed to know a lot of funny stories. He was about thirty and had rather suddenly become a prominent Broadway figure on the strength of the leading part in the first big hit of the season.

"Paige is sort of a lightweight, if you know what I mean," Stanton went on. "But he's all right; I like him well enough. He's a very good dancer, too—at least, that's what Betsy says. You know, she's very keen on dancing and I'm much too tall for her. She likes dancing with him."

"Grand Central!" a conductor bawled from the end of the car. The train slid to a stop alongside the gray concrete platform.

Hazen said, "Ah . . . you will be in your office during the day?"

"Yes."

"Well, nice to see you, Stanton. I'll get a cab out here."

Stanton stared after him for several seconds, frowning. He was conscious of a vague feeling of disquiet, even apprehension.

■ Chester appeared in Stanton's office at half past two. Stanton's secretary helped him off with his coat. He nodded thanks to her, and shook hands with Stanton.

"Sit down, Mr. Hazen," Stanton said. "That armchair there is an odd shape, but it's comfortable."

"No—no, think I'll stay on my feet. *You* sit down, Stanton, wherever you usually sit." He produced a handkerchief and ran it across his forehead. "You aren't going to like what I have to say any more than I like saying it. In fact, it's the hardest thing I've had to do for years."

"Go on, Mr. Hazen."

"Well, to begin with, you understand that my firm handles corporation accounts exclusively. We don't do any criminal law, or any divorce work."

Stanton said nothing. The office suddenly seemed quite chilly.

"But once in a while a client comes to us, and says he wants a divorce. We help him out to the extent of referring him to a divorce specialist—fellow named Woods. In return he occasionally passes along confidential information that he picks up and thinks we might be interested in. Tuesday afternoon I was talking to this Woods about something personal. He asked me if I knew you. He had read the newspaper stories about you and noticed you lived in Westport. He came up with something he'd heard by accident."

The lawyer took a deep breath. He avoided looking at Stanton. "There is a young person in New York. Her name is Dreamboat McKenna . . . her professional name, that is. She once was a dancer on the stage, in musical comedies. She is now a . . . ah . . . divorce co-respondent, for hire. You know, the lady in the lacy black negligee who is apprehended in the midtown hotel room with the erring husband."

"I've heard," Stanton said. "Go on."

"In private life—" the lawyer hesitated—"she is Mrs. Billy Paige."

Stanton stared at him. "I didn't know Paige was married."

"No. Well, I'm not surprised. They used to be a theatrical team, but for the last few years they've been living apart, except when their . . . ah . . . mutual inclinations draw them together, if I may put it that way. Apparently they had a bad time together when they were on the stage—starved most of the time, I gather. Then Paige suddenly hit the headlights, in this new play of his. What's the title?"

"It's called *The Lonely Road.*"

"That's it. That's the play. So it appears that Mr. Paige has been neglecting his wife, this . . . ah . . . this Dreamboat person. Financially, and . . . ah . . . in general. And she—she is getting ready to divorce Paige, Stanton, in New York. You know what that means?" Stanton nodded. "For adultery. You know, that requires a . . . ah . . . partner. And this Dreamboat person is going to sue for divorce and name . . . name your wife as co-respondent. Woods doesn't know whether they have blackmail in mind, or whether she's a jealous, vindictive woman.

"Here's the worst of it," the lawyer continued. "They've outlawed alienation of affection suits in New York, but there's a law about . . . adultery. It's a criminal offense. This Dreamboat person *may* want most of all to put Paige in jail. And she can do it. There's a chance that your wife might go with him. At least, your name would be— It's an awful mess, boy."

Stanton had the stunned, uncomprehending look of an animal.

"You see, when I heard this from Woods, I couldn't believe it. I had it checked up, Wednesday. I . . . I'm afraid there's no argument, Stanton. Your wife has been coming into New York to see this Billy Paige fellow, and—" He sighed.

"It can't be true," Stanton spoke from the depths of a nightmare. "It just can't be true. Not Betsy—Mrs. Wylie—"

"I knew that would be your reaction," Hazen said. "It does you credit." He placed a slip of paper on the desk. "Here's Woods' phone number, and the address of this . . . ah . . . Dreamboat person. I told Woods you might call him Sunday morning." He leaned across the desk and put his hand on Stanton's shoulder. "Don't let this get you down, Stanton. You're a very decent man, and there aren't many of us left. We can't afford to lose you."

Stanton scarcely was conscious of the old lawyer's departure. He was quite surprised, presently, to find himself holding the telephone to his ear. He must have called his home, but he had no recollection of it.

"Who this?" the maid demanded.

"Mr. Wylie. Is Mrs. Wylie there?"

"Mis' Wylie? Why, no, the madam ain't home."

"Where is she?"

"Why, sir, I don't know." Supreme Love sounded frightened. "She came back to the house from the station and changed her clothes. Let's see, some gent'man called on the telephone from New York, and right after that she went out again. She just said she wouldn't be home for dinner—at least, that's what I *think* she said. Is something wrong, Mist' Wylie?"

Stanton didn't answer. He looked at the receiver for a moment, then carefully put it down on its base. He pressed a button on his desk, and when his secretary came in he said, "Do you have a newspaper out there, Helen?"

"Yes, I do, Mr. Wylie."

"I wonder if you would look up the theatrical section, and find out if the play called *The Lonely Road* has a matinee this afternoon?"

"It doesn't, Mr. Wylie. I happen to know because my aunt wanted to see it this week. The matinees are Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"I see. Thank you, Helen."

■ Stanton closed the door of the roomette and locked it. He sat down on the couch and stretched out his legs. He leaned against the window and stared down at the rushing steel tracks. Then he closed his eyes. There was some obscure solace in being in that locked steel compartment moving across the land; at least, nothing more could happen to him while he was there.

It was nearly night when he opened his eyes again, roused by a persistent tapping. The train was racing along the banks of the Hudson, and the black surface of the river darkly reflected the scattered lights on shore. Stanton finally opened the door.

"You Mr. Wylie, sir?" the porter inquired.

"Yes," Stanton said, and added to himself: I suppose so.

"Young lady in the club car sent you this note," said the porter. He waited while Stanton unfolded the paper and read:

"Dear Mr. Wylie: If you feel strong enough to begin the ordeal, I'm holding down a table in the club car, and thought you might like to join me here. But if you'd rather stay put, just tell the porter, and I'll come right back—provided, of course, you're in the mood to start. Nancy Mainwaring, *Life* magazine."

Stanton read the note three times before comprehending it at all.

"You want to send a message to the young lady?" the porter said at last.

"What? Oh, I—I'll go to the club car."

He found it foggy with tobacco smoke and crowded from end to end. Sitting alone at one table was an uncommonly handsome girl with a dramatic streak of white in the deep brown of her hair. She nodded, smiled, and held up a brown mailing envelope with "LIFE" printed in big black letters on one corner.

Stanton approached and said, "Miss Mainwaring?"

"Yes," Nancy replied. "You're Mr. Wylie, of course." Her handclasp, Stanton discovered, was surprisingly warm and firm. Her face wasn't really pretty—the wan, almost rueful little-girl expression was a flaw—but it was a humorous, sensitive, articulate face, with tremendous vitality, and when it was activated it became beautiful, or so it seemed to Stanton.

He decided first that Nancy must be a very comfortable sort of person. Then he decided that she was a very real, adult person; next, that she was more than that—a woman, a very real woman, very sure of herself, very much aware and proud of the fact of her sex.

"How about a drink?" she asked. "What will you have? My editor particularly told me to buy you a drink. Steward!"

The white-coated Filipino paused at Nancy's call.

"What'll it be, Mr. Wylie?"

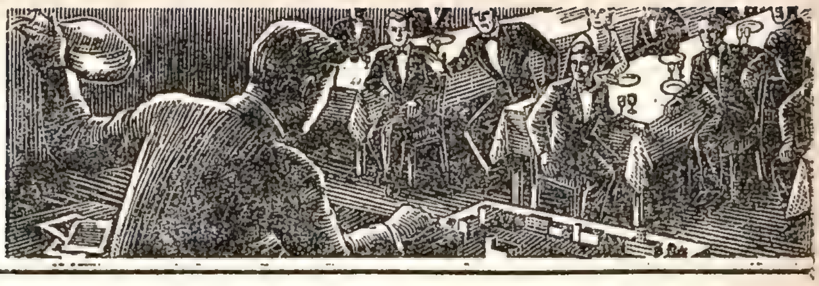
"Why—" Stanton hesitated. "I'll take a Scotch and soda."

"Two," she ordered.

The Filipino steward glided back presently and placed the highballs on the table, then a check.

"Please let me do this, Miss Mainwaring," Stanton said. "I'd feel better if—"

"No," Nancy said decisively. She had the money



ready in her hand. "Here's to you, Mr. Wylie," she said, clinking her glass against his. "You know—I hope it cheers you up a little—I'm beginning to be glad to be sitting *here*. I talk to so many pretentious bores in the course of the job, it's reassuring to interview a man who seems to be so—" she paused, searching for a word, and looking at him squarely—"genuine," she finished.

"Here's to *you*, Miss Mainwaring. I'll try not to be a pretentious bore, but I can't promise anything." He sipped the highball.

When their next order of drinks came, Stanton produced his wallet before Nancy could open her purse.

"Somehow you make me want to talk," he said as the interview proceeded. "You're very persuasive."

This was only partly true, as he well knew. Something—possibly the whisky—was boring through the protective curtain of shocked numbness which had mercifully shielded his mind for the past few hours, and now he was fighting to keep his thoughts away from—that. Talk—incessant talk, talk about anything—was an anodyne. Talking with Nancy proved surprisingly easy, too; time slid by.

"These are the first drinks I've had for—I can't remember how long," Stanton told her. "Except for a glass of champagne on New Year's Eve with my wife."

"Oh, yes," Nancy said. "I understand she's extremely attractive." Now what's wrong with *that* remark? she asked herself, noticing the change in his expression. "I hope the strain of the interview isn't responsible for knocking you off the wagon, Mr. Wylie."

Stanton took a swallow of the highball and shook his head. "No," he said. "No. It's . . . something else."

Something you definitely don't want to talk about, Nancy told herself. So I won't ask you.

Stanton tried to keep from thinking about Billy Paige, but it was no use. Pictures of the actor flicked through his mind like frames in a strip of movie film. He saw him as he had seen him first, on the stage of the Westport Playhouse, tall and easy-moving, easy-smiling. . . .

"I just invited you to have dinner with me," Nancy was saying. "I'm hungry."

"Fine," Stanton said.

Betsy . . . How could you? How? How? Why? How?

And how, he asked himself, how could he, Stanton, have been so blind to what was going on? Small incidents which had been obscure or meaningless when they occurred, but now were painfully explicit. What was *he* going to do? Ah, that was the question, and when he asked it his thinking ran into a stone wall.

He was genuinely surprised to find himself stabbing at a chicken pie in the diner of the Century, answering Nancy's questions.

Suddenly crying, rasping rather than plaintive, came from a table diagonally across from theirs, and Nancy and Stanton automatically looked around. A thin woman, bony, diamond-speckled hands clawing her bowed face, sobbed and muttered and with her elbow knocked over a bowl of soup. Her husband—they were as obviously married as they were obviously drunk—brayed: "Shut up! Shut up or I'll push your teeth in!"

"Charming young couple, aren't they?" said Nancy.

"Yes," Stanton agreed. "A fine, representative American family, demonstrating the joys of matrimony. An inspiration to the youth of the nation."

"Still, even a row like that is better than those frozen married silences. At least, in my book."

"It's a bleak choice, isn't it—sadism or silence?" he countered.

"I was talking about unhappily married people. Not the happy ones."

"Are there any?"

Oh, oh, so that's it, wife trouble, Nancy said to herself.

He was tapping the table with his heavy seal ring. "Are you married?"

"I was married, once. Once upon a time."

"And you were one of the happy ones?"

"Yes, very."

"And then you went to Reno, I suppose?" he said.

"No." Nancy stared at her coffee and quietly said, "My husband was quite—quite a wonderful man. He was one of those who didn't come home from the war."

She turned away and looked through the rain-streaked window at the rushing tracks.

"Miss Mainwaring, I can't tell you how sorry I am."

"Don't try to, Mr. Wylie. I don't need it, really. I—oh, give me a cigarette, please, and let's get the hell out of here."

When they were settled back in the club car, she said, "I suppose I really ought to get on with the interview. Let's start with some background stuff. For instance, how you became an architect. . . ."

■ When the Filipino steward finished locking up the bar for the night, he came toward them and in a lowered voice said, "It is against the rules of the train, but if you and the lady would like another drink, I can bring it back to your compartment."

Stanton glanced at Nancy. "How about it?"

"I could use another," she said. "Tell you what, let's just get the setups. I have a bottle of pretty good stuff in my suitcase. It's compartment G, one car back," she told the steward, and added to Stanton, "I always carry a little nip along on these trips, in case of snake bite."

"Very sensible," Stanton said, as they were leaving the car. "The snakes on these trains are a menace."

In the vestibule, with Nancy in the lead, he reached past her to open the door. As he did so, the Century hit a long curve at full throttle, and the sudden impact flung Nancy against him. Stanton slipped his arm around her waist to steady her, and involuntarily her hands went up and rested on the lapels of his jacket. For a long moment they stood thus, in a semi-embrace, neither of them making any effort to resist the pressure which was forcing their bodies so tightly together. Then she pushed away from him, slipping out of his encircling arm.

"Well, that was quite a bump, wasn't it?" she said brightly and casually, and to herself: Please, Mr. Wylie, don't look at me that way, please. You must know that I'm dying to throw myself at you—and can't. Please be a good Joe and don't give me any encouragement, please.

He was silent until they settled down with the drinks in the compartment.

Then he turned to her and said, "All evening I've had this strange feeling that we've known each other for years and years, and been very close. So close that I almost know what you're thinking without your saying a word. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes," said Nancy after a moment of reflection. "I feel the same way about you, Mr. Wylie. It's rather uncanny, too. I'm sure you've guessed—or gathered—that you put me very much in mind of my husband. There, that's out!" she added with relief. "I wanted to tell you before, but I have a mental block when it comes to talking about him. Anyway, I never met another man who seemed a bit like Ted. You know, Mr. Wylie—" she paused—"I've broken two of my own private rules tonight."

"Which were they?" he asked.

"Talking about Ted, for one. Getting so cozy with you, for another. And now I think I'll have one nightcap with you, and then maybe I'd better think about a little sleep so I can be bright and efficient tomorrow."

"I've had a wonderful evening with you, Miss Mainwaring," Stanton told her when their glasses were empty. "You're an awful lot of fun."

"I might say the same of you, Mr. Wylie. Another thing you have in common."

"In common?"

"With Ted."

She started to stand up, and Stanton took her hands and pulled her to her feet. He didn't release the hands, nor did she try to detach them.

"I hate leaving you," he said.

"Frankly, I hate letting you go."

"However, there's always the morning."

"Yes. Consolation prize."

She looked up at him, and he drew her closer. Then he swiftly kissed her forehead. Her eyes were shut. Stanton's big, gentle hands went to her face, cradled it, raised it. Then, abruptly, she pushed away.

"Don't—oh, please don't," she said in a strangled voice. "I can't, just can't. I want to, but I can't. Do you understand?"

He studied her face for a moment and then nodded, with a half-smile. "Yes, I'm afraid I do. Good night," he said. He stepped out quickly, and as he closed the door he imagined that he heard something like a sob from the compartment.

■

"First, the Association's gold medal," the chairman said, producing a square black jeweler's box.

"Next, the scroll of honor . . ." He handed Stanton a diploma-like roll of parchment tied with blue ribbon.

"And, last but not least, the . . . ah . . . honorarium." Here he took an envelope from his pocketbook. "Heartiest congratulations, Mr. Wylie, and our very best wishes to you, both in life and in your career."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Davis," Stanton said. There was a round of applause from the diners, and flash bulbs went off.

"And now, as the radio announcers say, I'm going to turn the microphone over to our distinguished guest," the chairman said. "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Wylie."

Stanton moved over to the microphone and raised it an inch or two.

"Mr. Chairman, members of the Committee, ladies and gentlemen—" he began. He spoke quietly, and it seemed to Nancy, seated at the press table, that his voice was unnaturally husky. "I seem to have a very poor memory for jokes, and I'm afraid I won't be able to start off with the conventional after-dinner story. However, I'll try to make up for that by being brief."

He pointed at the model of his City, and went on: "I've been asked a good many times how I happened to get started on this project. As some of you may know, I worked at Oak Ridge during the war, and I had a small part—a very small part—in the development of the atom bomb. Frankly, I've always felt guilty about

it, and to some extent, I suppose, the model represented an attempt on my part to give some kind of answer to the bomb. I suppose I wanted to say—or perhaps kid myself into believing—that we are still capable of creating more than we destroy."

He paused, shook his head.

"That was why I planned the city," he said. "Lately, however, I've been learning the facts of life the hard way, and it seems laughable, now, that I once not only believed these fine theories, but even was mad enough to try to put them into practice with this—"

He waved toward the model with an oddly contemptuous gesture of dismissal. "But no longer. My education has progressed to a point where I can see the absurdity and futility of my delusions, and I now realize clearly where they would end. I walked the streets all this afternoon. I watched the faces of the people along the way, and I began to understand that it is all very well to move the hogs out of the wallow, but they still will be hogs, and they will bring their filth with them. Put them here—" he motioned again toward the model—"and, they immediately will try to turn it into another wallow. In the end, of course, they would destroy it entirely, no doubt using their newest gadget for quick, positive results."

There was a grim smile on his face as his hand tightened around the neck of a carafe nearly full of water. He lifted it from the table and held it at arm's length in the glare of the spotlights, directly above the model. Then he raised it overhead and threw it down as hard as he could. There was the crunching of wood and the sound of shattering glass, the sound of trickling water.

Stanton glanced once at the wreckage of the model city, and said, "That does it."

Swiftly he threaded his way across the room, with the startled dinner guests backing out of his path as though to avoid a dangerous animal. He went directly to the press table, stopped in front of Nancy Mainwaring, seized her hands and said, "Come on."

■ In the night club Nancy lighted a cigarette and leaned back in her chair. She looked at Stanton for several moments, and said, "I think it's about time you told me what the trouble is, don't you?"

"Why, I . . . when I got up there and started talking, I just had to say what I thought, that was all."

"Now, Stanton, you don't expect me to believe that that speech was the one you planned to make when you came out here."

He smiled faintly and shook his head. "Hardly. I had a nice, conventional, soothing little talk in mind."

"I want to know what accounted for your—shall we say radical?—revision. I admit that a long walk across this town might do strange things to you, but there certainly must have been more than that."

He looked at her with a gentle smile and reached for her hand. "You don't know what you do for me," he said. "It's so good to be with you again. I suppose I might as well tell you about it." After a moment he went on to describe his morning meeting with Chester Hazen, and the later dénouement in his office. In retrospect, the encounter seemed even more unreal than it had when it took place. "It was the way it all happened, apart from what he told me," he finished. "It hit me between the eyes."

"I should think so," Nancy said gravely. "I'm amazed you got on the train at all. What are you going to do about it, Stan? Have you decided?"

"No," he said morosely, "I haven't decided a thing. I've been asking myself the same question all day long, and I've been hoping that you might give me the answer." His hands tightened around hers. "I have this feeling about you, somehow. This afternoon, while I was walking and wondering about everything, I had the feeling that you were the only person in the world I could come to, and talk to, and—trust."

Well, Mainwaring, Nancy said to herself, this really does put it up to you, doesn't it? Are you going to be honest enough to face the fact that what you want most is to console him, in any and every way you can—and do it? What's to stop you? There's no barrier. There's not even a question of right and wrong—much. He's here, and he wants you, and you want him, so where do we go from there?

They danced, scarcely moving from a spot at the corner of the floor. He bent his head until his cheek rested against her hair; he could see the jet of startling white shining in the smooth, deep-brown mass.

"Nancy—I think I must be falling in love with you."

He felt her body give a tiny, involuntary jerk and heard the sudden intake of her breath. Her fingers tightened and tightened. "No, dear," she murmured.

"I'm sure I must be."

"I'm sure you aren't. . . . It's nice to hear."

She looked up at him with a wan little smile which accentuated the slight tilt of her mouth, but there was sadness in her eyes, and after a second she shook her head and looked away.

"Then how do you account for this feeling I have about you, Nancy? This sense of intimacy and warmth, and—well, everything. It isn't just rebound from the

. . . the other thing. It's—well, as though we were married."

"Oh, Stan! Stan, darling!" She said it with a sob. Then she threw both her arms around his neck, lifted her face to his and kissed him on the mouth.

"There," she breathed. "There, Stan dear. Now let's sit down, shall we?"

Presently she reached for his hand and said, "Do you know what time it is?"

"Why, it must be midnight."

"It's half-past two, darling, and this girl has to be in the office tomorrow morning. No, *this* morning."

"The *office!* You mean, you're still planning to write the close-up about *me?*"

"Certainly I am. Why not?"

"Well, after that speech, I should think—"

Nancy smiled. "I expect you'll be a national celebrity before the week's out, what with the publicity about smashing the model of a city that everyone in the world wants to live in. . . ." Her smile broadened, and her glance was taunting and provocative. "Stan, tell me the truth. Are you sure you didn't do that on purpose, because you knew it would have publicity value?"

"No, wait a minute! You know perfectly well—"

"I'm only teasing, Stan." She patted his hand. "No, I'm certain they'll want the piece. Nancy has to put herself on a plane to New York. Right away. What are you going to do?"

"Coming with you, of course."

"I hoped you would."

"You knew I would. Kiss me?"

"Yes." Her oblique eyes with the slow, sleepy, creamy-brown lids were closed, but her lips were like the wings of homing pigeons. She kissed him with the winglike lips parted, her teeth against his, her tongue darting, and—

"Oh!" She pushed away, shaking. "No, Stan, no."

"I love you."

"Do you? Yes—for our little minute I love you. I . . . let us . . . I . . . We must go, Stan. Must, must, must."

She fastened her arms around him like steel hoops. Then: "Stan, do you love me? Tell me again you love me."

■ The plane was late getting into LaGuardia, and it was midmorning by the time they finished an uneasy breakfast in a restaurant across the street from the Air Lines Terminal.

"I—could I go to your office with you, and just wait?"

Nancy smiled at him and shook her head. "I wouldn't be able to get a bit of work done with you there, Stan."

"I just can't face leaving you," he said.

"But . . . aren't you going home?"

"Home! Home for what? No, I'll stay in town and wait for you. What time will you be through?"

"I don't know. Probably around six. . . . Then you haven't decided anything, Stan?"

He shook his head.

"But you have to face it, Stan, one way or another."

"I know, I know," he muttered. "I'll have it out with Betsy sooner or later, but I need more time . . . to straighten out my own thoughts. Maybe the lawyer . . ."

Nancy took a last puff of her cigarette and ground it out in the ash tray. "Well, I must be off now, dear. I'll meet you in the lobby of the Time & Life Building a little after six, if you're really staying in town."

"I'll be there."

He found himself holding the door of a taxi at the cab stand by the Grand Central entrance. They kissed lightly and swiftly, and he closed the door. The taxi went into gear with a sound like an antique coffee grinder and moved along Forty-second Street toward Madison. He saw her face in the rear window, saw her wave. . . .

■ In the dusty hallway of an old brownstone walk-up he found McKENNA printed in pencil on a smudged card and he pressed the button beside it. The apartment was at the rear of the ground floor, and as he approached, a girl's face peered at him through a door held open a suspicious two inches.

"Yes?"

"I'm looking for Miss McKenna," Stanton said.

"Yes? What do you want, mister?"

Dreamboat's age was indeterminate—the early thirties, most likely; certainly the age of her face was beginning to make questionable the validity of her bright, brittle-looking blonde hair. She had a slender, compact body, still retaining the hardness acquired during years of professional dancing, and a sharp, alert, wary little face which did not readily smile.

"Miss McKenna, my name is Wylie, Stanton Wylie," he announced. "From Westport, Connecticut. I wondered if I might have a little talk with you?"

"What about, mister?"

"A—" Stanton hesitated—"private matter that concerns both of us."

She gave him a long, appraising look. "How do I know you're on the level?"

"I'll be glad to show you my identification," Stanton said. "And I'd really appreciate a chance to talk to

you."

She gave him another long scrutiny, then nodded briefly and said, "O.K., I guess so."

She motioned him across the threshold and closed the door. Then she turned and looked at him. "Well?"

"I wanted to talk to you about your husband, my wife and yourself," Stanton said. "Here's my driver's license, if you care to look at it."

She took the paper, turned it over, and handed it back without comment. She reminded him of a fighter in the first round of a bout, studying an opponent before moving in to attack.

"Go on," she said.

"I understand that you are planning to divorce your husband in New York, naming my wife as co-respondent, and that you may also take—other action as well. Is it true?"

"Could be. Say, what are you, anyway—a lawyer?"

"No, nothing like that. I came here because I—"

"I'll tell you why," Dreamboat broke in. "You came because your wife's got herself into a jam and you want to fish her out of it before some of the mud gets plastered on you; that's the score on that one. Mister, you're wasting your time. Mine, too."

"Miss McKenna," he pleaded, "all I'm trying to do is to save a completely innocent person."

"Innocent!" Dreamboat exclaimed with derision. "That's a laugh, all right. Mister, if you think she's innocent, just go and ask my lawyer for the stuff he's got on them."

Stanton shook his head, "I'm not talking about my wife. I'm talking about my son."

"What?"

"My son. Didn't you know I had a son?"

Her tense, hostile expression underwent a peculiar change. A frown puckered the corners of her pale gray-green eyes, and her lips tightened to a thin straight line.

"No, I didn't know it," she said. She indicated a day bed against the wall behind Stanton, and for herself chose one of the three chairs in the room. She moved it slightly so that her back was toward the light coming through a pair of skimpily curtained windows.

"Oh, say, mister," she said, "could you spare a cigarette? I ran out this morning."

"Yes, certainly."

"You don't have to get up," she said. "Just toss it over."

But habit alone brought Stanton to his feet. He presented the cigarettes with a courteous gesture and held a match for her. When it was lighted, she gave him a quick, puzzled glance.

"Thanks," she said, drawing deeply on the cigarette. "That's better; I haven't had one since breakfast."

Stanton returned to the day bed and sat down. He waited for a few seconds, studying Dreamboat.

"You were talking about your kid," she said. "What about it?"

"I . . . the boy's thirteen," he said. "He's my son, and I love him. I want to save him. That's why I'm here. That's the only reason, believe me. He has no part of the mess, and if he finds out, he'll be—well—you can imagine what it might do to him."

"Why didn't your wife think about that when she started fooling around with Billy?"

Stanton simultaneously shrugged, shook his head and spread his hands. "I don't know."

"Just how did you get your dope, mister?"

"Why, by accident," Stanton said. "A friend of mine, a lawyer, heard something by chance, and took the trouble to investigate, and then came to me and told me you were planning this—action. I have no idea how he found out the details. And since we're playing 'How Much Do You Know?' with each other, Miss McKenna, I'd like to ask how *you* found out so much about their relationship?"

Dreamboat gave a harsh laugh. "In show business, an actor has about as much private life as a . . . a dummy in Macy's window. Besides, Billy lives in a hotel."

"Yes, but what—?"

"Other people live there, too. They see things, and hear things, and talk, don't they? But I didn't have to wait for the word to get around," Dreamboat continued. "I'd of heard all about it, don't worry. But Billy saved me the trouble. He told me. Quite some time ago. Say, do you have another cigarette?"

Stanton walked over to her chair, giving her the cigarette and lighting it for her. And Dreamboat repeated the puzzled glance of someone unable to understand why he did it.

"What about your wife?"

He shook his head wearily. "I don't know," he said. "I can't decide anything about her until I settle the question of what's to be done with Jeremy—my son."

"I see. What's your proposition, mister?"

"Well, I presume you intend to divorce Paige anyway?"

"You're damned right I do."

"Then I'd like to persuade you to do it in Reno instead of here, to avoid the publicity. Naturally, I'd expect to make it worth your while."

"What do you think it would take, mister?"

He shook his head. "I have no idea. That's for you to say, isn't it?"

"So, I'm a good girl and get my divorce in Reno and everything's just swell for the whole lot of you," she went on. "Especially Billy Billy stays here and gives the girls the grin, the face, the hair and the voice. Yeah. I'm going to put the bastard in the jug. I should think you'd want to, too."

Stanton watched her face. She was working up to a fine rage. But somehow . . . somehow he didn't quite believe it, and he wondered. . . .

"I've told you," he said. "I'm only trying to save my son. Would you consider ten thousand, plus Reno expenses?"

She laughed. "Come again, mister."

He waited a little, and then said, "All right, Miss McKenna, suppose you quote a price—for my son. That's what it amounts to."

Dreamboat looked away. Her face again wore a mixed, indecipherable expression. "I'm not trying to hurt your kid," she said. "Or you either, mister."

"In that case, wouldn't you be content with some other form of revenge?" he said. "If you divorced Paige in the usual way, you could stick him for heavy alimony. You can't collect alimony from him if he's in jail."

"No," she said slowly. "But if he's in jail he can't be any fancy-pants actor, either, with bobby-soxers asking for his autograph. He can't do any boasting about how he's sleeping in high society these days. . . . When I think of what I've taken from the guy!"

Stanton sat back and nodded through Dreamboat's long recital of the indignities she had suffered.

"Do you know whether he has any thought of marrying my wife eventually?"

Dreamboat was visibly startled. "Why, no," she said quickly.

"It's a possibility, isn't it?" Stanton said. "Let's say you start New York proceedings and even send both of them to jail. There'd be a terrific uproar about it—bound to be. And suppose at the psychological moment they make some dramatic announcement of undying devotion and so on, and say they're going to be married as soon as they can. I think you'd find public opinion running pretty strongly against you and *for* them. Aside from that, I suppose I can only plead with you once again not to ruin my son's future. You said yourself you didn't want to hurt him."

She looked away from him. "Well, I don't, mister. I'll talk to my lawyer tomorrow or day after and see what he thinks."

"After all, Miss McKenna, he has to follow your instructions."

"No," she said decisively. "I'd have to talk to him first."

"Couldn't you call him?"

"It's Sunday, mister."

"I know that, but couldn't you try?"

The urgency in his voice startled her. She looked up at him and for a time studied the lines of weariness and desperation on his face.

"I guess there's no harm in trying. We'll have to go out to a pay station," she added. "I don't have a phone here."

"Miss McKenna, I—well, thank you."

■ As they were approaching the end of the long block, her steps lagged. "Let's go across the street," she said suddenly.

"The drugstore's on this side, isn't it?"

"That tavern there," Dreamboat said. "See those fellas that just came out? They got fresh with me. I don't want any more trouble with them. They're mean."

"I am *not* going to cross the street, Miss McKenna. Just don't pay any attention to them."

As they drew nearer, one of the loungers swaggered toward Dreamboat and thrust out a hand. "What's your hurry, baby?"

He made a quick grab at her wrist, but Stanton was quicker. He suddenly side-stepped so that he stood in front of Dreamboat, facing the man. "Keep your hands off the lady," he said firmly. "And get out of my way."

"Sure," said the snarling mouth. The man stepped backward and sideways, toward the curb. Suddenly he lowered his head and dove toward Stanton like a football tackle. Stanton braced himself and closed his hand—the one with the heavy gold ring. He pivoted back on one foot and swung up from hip level. By right, and calculation, the uppercut should have stopped a charging bull, but it didn't connect because he was jostled off balance from behind.

He landed on the pavement. He heard Dreamboat yelling, caught a glimpse of her beating at one of the men with her handbag. He rolled away from the punches, jumped up and made a confused counterattack, on the uncertain edge of the curb. One of his swings grazed a face, but there were too many faces.

"Look out, he's got a blackjack!" he heard Dreamboat shouting. . . .

He came to himself slowly. He was lying on a cot in a small room which led into a kitchen, and Dream-

boat was sitting on a stool next to him, wrapping some ice cubes in a cloth. One side of his face was throbbing hotly.

"Where am I?"

"My apartment," Dreamboat said.

"How did I get here?"

"They drove you around in the police car, and a couple of the boys helped you in. You were walking. The cops wanted to send you to Bellevue in an ambulance, but I didn't think you'd want that. Do you want a doctor?"

"No, I don't think so. That was very nice of you, Miss McKenna. You've been very kind."

"Kind, nothing. After you got beaten up on my account, what else can I do?"

"Did they catch those men?"

Dreamboat nodded. "Yeah, all of them. And boy, did the cops give *them* some pointers on how to beat up people. You should have seen those guys when the wagon got there."

"Didn't I see you fall down? Were you hurt?"

She shrugged, and said, "Aw, I ripped a pair of nylons and took a little skin off one leg." She looked at him thoughtfully. "I'm not used to having guys stick up for me that way." She paused, and added: "That wife of yours, she must be an awful dope, being married to you and falling for a guy like Paige. I don't get it."

From the adjacent living room came the shrilling of the doorbell. Dreamboat softly left the room and closed the door behind her.

The walls of the apartment were thin. Presently words spoken beyond the door began to penetrate: ". . . told you not to come busting in here like this, you damn fool, any time day or night." It was Dreamboat's voice, hushed and furious. A reply, muffled or whispered, indistinct. "Yes, in *there*, out cold. . . . Why didn't you tell me about the kid? You know I don't like that stuff. Oh, yeah, sure . . ."

Then he heard the voice answering Dreamboat, and he recognized it. He slowly rose to his feet and forced them to carry him to the door. He twisted the porcelain knob a few times, then tugged it open and leaned against the jamb.

For a long minute they looked at each other silently. Then Billy Paige said, "Hello, there, Wylie. I heard you were in there. Quite a surprise, meeting you here." He flashed one of his famous ivory smiles.

"I'm surprised you're not out in Westport, taking care of Betsy."

Paige laughed carelessly. "Couldn't make it today, old man," he said coolly. "Benefit show, you know. I did talk to her on the phone, though, and she was quite upset because you weren't home."

"That's very gratifying," Stanton said.

"Sorry about this . . . er . . . misunderstanding, you know."

"What misunderstanding?" Stanton said. "Everything's perfectly clear."

"Oh. . . ." Paige glanced at him swiftly. "Dreamboat tells me you were blackjacked by somebody, out on the street. Too bad. I suppose it's lucky for me, though, isn't it? I suppose if it wasn't for that, you'd be making noises like an outraged husband and threatening all kinds of dreadful things."

"Billy, get the hell out of here," Dreamboat spoke unexpectedly. "Go on, scram!"

Paige shrugged unconcernedly and picked up his hat. "See you, Wylie," he said on his way out. "Give my regards to your wife, will you?"

Stanton looked steadily at Dreamboat, and suddenly she shook her head and turned to the window. Her shoulders seemed to be quivering.

"There wasn't any lawyer to call, then, was there, Miss McKenna?" Stanton said at last. "It was all made up—that story you told me. You never had any idea of divorcing Paige at all, did you?"

Dreamboat shook her head.

"Have you pulled off this sort of thing before?"

"Yeah. But never where there's a kid. Don't worry, mister," she added. "He'll never see your wife again. . . . Funny, we were going to let her buy us a house." She slowly turned and faced him. "When you told me about your kid, and after what happened with those guys on the street and everything, I decided to call the deal off, and I was going to tell you. I'd like you to believe that."

"All right," Stanton said. "I believe it."

"So you can forget the whole business," Dreamboat said. "But I'm going to fix it so one person doesn't forget, believe me. That wife of yours. I'm going to scare the living hell out of her."

■ Stanton was resting against the information desk in the empty lobby when Nancy Mainwaring stepped out of the elevator a few minutes after six. Her heels clicked across the stone floor and made quickening echoes through the lobby. Simply looking at him made her feel warm and eager and excited.

"Come on, we'll go to my apartment. It's only a few blocks—over on Madison. I don't feel in the mood for any more public drinking," she said.

"I was hoping you'd suggest that," Stanton said. "I can't imagine anything nicer."

In the taxi, Nancy said, "It may surprise you to hear that I had several conversations with your wife today, Stan."

"What!"

"Yes. She called the office, thinking you might be there, and the switchboard put her on my line, since I'm the big Wylie authority now."

"What did she want?"

"Why, she wanted to find you, of course. She was quite frantic the last time. I spoke to her just a minute before I went down to meet you."

"So she was upset, was she?" he said. "What about?"

"Oh, wanting to know where you were, and had I heard from you. Well, here we are."

"Why, it's charming!" he said, glancing around when Nancy switched on the lights in the apartment. She went to raise the Venetian blinds on the windows. "How long have you been living here?"

"Since before the war." She turned and noticed the way his expression changed. "Yes, it was Ted's and mine," she said. "Sit down and make yourself comfortable while I investigate the liquor supply."

She returned with two highballs, and sat down beside him on one of the two love seats. "Here's to you, Mr. Wylie!"

"Here's to us, Miss Mainwaring!" Stanton replied.

"I wonder," Nancy said. "Now I want to be told all about everything—starting with the bruise on the face."

He related the events of his visit to Dreamboat carefully and in detail, although he characteristically minimized his part in the street brawl.

The telephone in the bedroom rang three times, and Nancy stood up. "I'll bet it's your wife, Stan."

"Calling *here?*"

"I said I *might* be seeing you this evening, and I expected to hear from you. If she called the office and they told her I'd gone home, she might try this number. She sounded frantic, I told you."

She walked into the bedroom and took the telephone from its black cradle. "Yes?" Then she nodded, and covered the mouthpiece with her hand. "It is your wife, Stan. She's obviously desperate about something."

"Well, all right. I might as well get it over with."

"Yes, he's here, Mrs. Wylie," she said into the telephone. "Just a minute, please."

When he came into the bedroom Nancy again put her hand over the mouthpiece. "Shall I hide my head under a pillow and pretend not to be listening?"

Stanton shook his head. "It's perfectly all right for you to listen. In fact, I'd rather you did."

He took the receiver with a stolid, impassive expression, but inwardly he was nervous. Regardless of circumstances, it was by no means easy to emancipate himself suddenly from all the ties and patterns which had been created through the years.

"Hello," he said.

"Stanton!" The way she pronounced the single word told him that she was far from being in control of herself. Stanton realized it with a little shock. He was so accustomed to her usual poised and competent exterior.

"Yes," he said. "What is it?"

"You've got to come right away. Something dreadful has happened."

"It isn't Jerry, is it?" he said quickly.

"No . . . no. I can't talk about it on the phone, Stanton."

After a pause, Stanton said, "But I have no intention of coming home."

"Stan, you must think you're playing a joke. Listen to me, Stan." Her voice lowered. "An hour or so ago I took a call from some perfectly awful woman in New York who claimed she was the wife of our friend Billy Paige. Whoever she is, she'd picked up some unspeakable scandal in New York about the fact that—well, that I've been friendly with Billy for some time, and she said the vilest things and made the most awful threats. She said she was going to divorce Paige in New York and—"

"Don't bother to tell me," Stanton broke in. "I know all about Mrs. Paige—she doesn't just claim to be his wife, she *is* his wife. And I know all about 'our friend' Billy, as you call him. And, my dear, I know all about you, too."

The silence prolonged on the other end of the wire, and finally he said, "Well?"

A small voice answered, "Stanton, I have no idea what you may have heard, but I want to tell you that—"

"Betsy," he interrupted, "I'm not going to listen to any ingenious excuses or explanations. I know all I need to know."

There was another silence, terminating in a quick sob. "I'm to be tried and convicted and dismissed this way? On the telephone? I can't believe it. You aren't coming home at all? Is that it?"

"Yes," Stanton said, "that's it."

"Have you forgotten Jerry? What about Jerry?"

"I've thought about him, and I have some ideas. You'll hear what they are, in time. I'll see my lawyer tomorrow."

Now he heard broken agonized sobs, and he frowned and held the receiver away from his ear. For a moment he felt compelled to say something which would soften it, because for an instant he had a bright vision of a lovely blonde in a bouffant dress, whirling in front of the bandstand in the ballroom of the Ritz.

"You can't . . . Stanton, you can't just leave me like this. We're married, Stanton. You can't . . . What shall I do about this awful woman you say is Mrs. Paige? What shall I do?"

"I don't know," Stanton said coldly. "You might try calling our friend Billy to see if he has any ideas. . . . Good-by."

Her plaintive sobbing was audible in the room as he put the telephone down. He sat for a time on the edge of Nancy's bed with his chin cupped in his hands, staring bleakly at the floor.

■ Nancy was standing in front of the dresser on the opposite side of the room. A pair of eyes regarded her steadily from the side of the dresser, seeming to compel her to look down at the portrait there. Her hand caressed the heavy leather frame. I know, darling; I'm being a ninny, she said silently. I'll stop. Then she looked at Stanton, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"You were quite brutal, you know."

He glanced up quickly. "Well, she deserved it, didn't she? It won't hurt to have something serious to think about, for a change." He spoke truculently. "It might even do her some good; it might make her realize that she can't—" He stopped. "Let's forget it, Nancy. Shall we?"

"All right. As you say."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Nancy!" He stood up quickly. He walked over to the dresser. "Why are you so distant all of a sudden?"

Nancy sighed as she looked at him. "I'm not distant, Stan. I've just been thinking a little, about a few things."

The compelling eyes in the portrait on the dresser steadily regarded her, and she glanced down. Stanton followed her glance, and when he saw the face in the leather frame he slowly nodded. He turned away and started to leave the bedroom.

"Yes," Nancy said. "You go and sit down, Stan, and I'll bring us some more drinks."

This time when she came back with the highballs she took the other love seat, facing him. She sipped her drink and watched him silently. At length she said, "When did you make that decision about your wife, Stan? What led up to it?"

"I don't know that I'd call it a decision," he answered. "It just seemed inevitable, somehow. After I made sure that Jerry was safe, and this Paige business was settled, it all became perfectly clear. I knew what I wanted."

"Yes?" Nancy said. "What?"

"Two things. First, to be with you. Second, to go away somewhere. Maybe Rio. By the time we get to Rio I'll have my divorce, and I've always wanted to be married in a place like that, with a double-ring ceremony and a band of strolling musicians to serenade us."

"Some girls *might* interpret that as a proposal, Mr. Wylie."

"Some girls would be awfully stupid if they didn't, Miss Mainwaring. I'm asking you to marry me, if I need to make it plainer. It may sound abrupt," he continued, looking at his highball glass, and talking away from her. "There should be a build-up, I suppose. I ought to tell you that I think you're beautiful; I do. I should say that your voice sounds like music; believe me, it does. Your hair, and your eyes—brown magic, should I say that? And the way you walk, the color of your skin, the way you smile, the shape of your hands, the excitement of your figure, the warmth of you—"

"Stanton!"

He looked at her and smiled. "But you know about my speeches. I love you; I need you; I want you to be my wife. Will you marry me?"

Nancy stared at him through a long moment of trying to sort out some tangled thoughts. She moved close to him and put her hand on his arm. "But, Stan, aren't there one or two details that sort of get in the way? For example, your son? I thought he was your main concern in this whole business."

"He is," Stanton said with a frown. "But I don't know. He doesn't need me. He's more his mother's boy than mine—always has been. Next year he'll be away at school. I've just been a fifth wheel around the family, anyway, although I didn't wake up to the fact until lately."

So that disposes of that, Nancy said to herself. Or does it?

"What happens to the business? You can't just let everything go, Stan."

"Why not?" he said with a shrug. "It's my business. I can do whatever I please with it."

"You really think you can quit?" she said. "I don't believe it."

"I tell you I don't care any more. Why don't we forget all this and concentrate on ourselves?" He started to put his arms around her, but she backed away from him.

"No, not now, Stanton," she said in a very low voice. "I have to decide something, dear. Let me be for a minute, will you?"

She turned to the window and stared out over the city, now commencing to stir and rustle again after the torpor of Sunday afternoon. After a while she turned.

"Stanton," she said. "I've thought about it. If you were just a nice, agreeable, ordinary man, of no value or importance, I'd probably say 'yes' without giving it a thought, because it wouldn't matter where you were or what you were doing—or if you ever did anything. But you *aren't* that man, and you do have value and importance—you have a tremendous job to do, Stan, and if you back down from it, there's going to be an awfully disappointed girl named Nancy Mainwaring. You're one of the few, the very few, who stand out from the crowd and above the crowd, with something more than the crowd mind and the aspirations and ambitions of the crowd."

Stanton gazed at her in silence for a long time.

"Suppose," he said quietly, "suppose—I'm not saying I will—but suppose I did make another stab at my work, instead of going away. And suppose it was all right. Then, could you and I—?

She replied with a wan little smile and shook her head.

"That's only part of your job. The other part is your family, and it's perfectly clear that one meshes with the other."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—" she had the sensation of choking—"I mean, I think you ought to go back to them."

"How could I possibly go back to her, after what she's done?" he cried.

"Because if you look at it in perspective, it's very unimportant, compared to keeping your family together and maintaining a home for your boy. You sat there and blandly told me that he's at an age when he doesn't need you, that he's more his mother's son than yours, and that you've just been a fifth wheel around the place. I say, Poppycock! Show me a child his age who doesn't need a father and a home intact, and you've shown me a freak. You know it as well as I do. And if you *have* been a fifth wheel—which I doubt—it must be your fault."

Stanton sighed wearily. "I can't seem to think clearly. I can't decide anything, sitting here, looking at you this way." He rose heavily from the love seat. "Maybe if I go outside and walk around for a while—"

Nancy stepped up to him and put her arms around him and for a moment nestled against his collar. "Maybe that would be best." she said in a queer, small voice.

Then she turned away from him quickly and stood looking out the window with her head bowed, so that he wouldn't see her tears.

She remained at the window for some little time after the door closed behind Stanton, and then she saw him emerge onto the sidewalk and stand there irresolutely. He took a few lagging steps toward the uptown corner of the avenue; stopped; looked back; then took a few more steps. "Good-by, darling," Nancy murmured.

Then suddenly in a kind of frenzy she ran to the door, down the flight of stairs. She had a moment of indecision. There were so many people, and the avenue was lighted so duskily. And then she saw him walking with his hands thrust into his pockets, and his head bent.

Go on! she told herself exultantly. Bring him back. Give yourself *one* break, Nancy. But hurry!

A traffic light changed and she had to wait for several cabs to round the corner. By the time she had gained enough ground to be able to call to him, he had stopped in front of a dusty old red brick church which she had passed many times but never had visited. The evening service had just ended. Three bars of yellow light from the open doors fell softly across the sidewalk. Stanton was standing in one of them, and even at the distance Nancy saw something in his expression which made her hesitate. He shook his head in a perplexed way and slowly climbed the steps and went in.

Nancy retreated to the shadowed corner beside the church. Moments later he came down the steps and paused on the sidewalk. For a moment he looked thoughtfully down the avenue, and Nancy was certain that he would— But he turned and started in the opposite direction, toward Grand Central and the train which would carry him to Westport.

She followed him as far as the curb of the nearest corner. There she stopped, and gazed after him until he finally disappeared. In spite of herself she cried a little, very quietly.

But an odd smile, quite indefinable, was on her face. It might have been a smile of triumph, for Nancy was looking up at the sky, and it seemed to her that the stars formed a vast constellation which outlined the soaring sweep of a tall white city.

"Darling," she said to the sky, oblivious of the restless sea of people surging about her, "you set an awfully high standard for a girl like Nancy." ■ ■

REDS IN PANAMA

Continued from Page 15

knowledge of the strike, but they undertook to mediate it. The walkout was well organized and timed. Investigators concluded that Local 713 had pulled all the strings.

In the hemisphere set-up, the Communist Party of the United States is considered the major section, giving advice and assistance to its Latin-American sisters. Certain crew members of the Panama, Cristobal, and Ancon, ships owned by the Panama Railroad, who are thus government employees, are known to carry literature and messages to Communist units in Panama. A stewardess whose name was given to me attends frequent extreme leftist meetings. Seamen are known to have been in contact not only with Communist groups but with Russian agents on the isthmus. Many of the sailors are aliens, and these seem to get preference in the hiring.

Two American Navy veterans, for instance, applied to the captain of the Panama in New York for jobs on the ship, but were referred to the National Maritime Union for clearance. The NMU refused them cards, and later sent the ship three Nicaraguans who had been in the United States only a short time.

Sabotage by employees of the Canal is more to be feared than strikes. A heavy charge, even of conventional explosives, set off in the narrow Gaillard Cut could block shipping. If the dam, dikes, or locks holding in the great artificial Gatun Lake were breached, the lake would spill into the sea, and the Canal would be useless for from one to four years, depending on the damage.

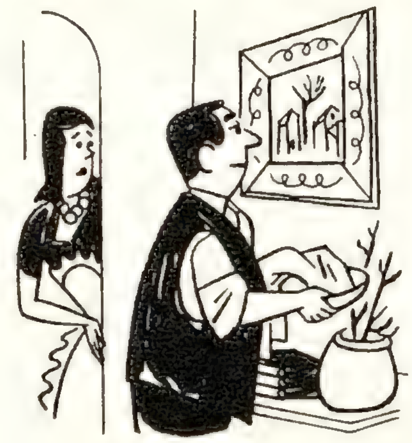
■ Actual aggression could come in several ways. The Canal might be attacked by long-range bombers from Asia. Besides, Russia now has some of the largest submarines in the world. At the end of World War II she received some of Germany's biggest underwater craft. Small airplanes can be launched from the decks of the largest German-type submarines, and the Canal locks could be blown up by this means.

Military leaders are uncertain whether a determined enemy could be prevented from putting the Canal out of business even with the 134 bases we had from 1942 to 1947, but obviously we are ill off without them. The Communists discovered that they could turn the pride and nationalism of Panamanians into hate for the Colossus of the North, and they must be credited with a signal victory in the rejection of the treaty.

In September, 1946, the People's Party began holding demonstrations demanding the return of the bases and denouncing "Yankee imperialism." The Soviet flag hung from a bandstand at one meeting. That winter, members painted signs on public buildings reading, "Return the Bases," "Bases and No Threats," and "Remember Rio Hato." The big B-29 base, which we have now surrendered, was at Rio Hato. In May of last year another anti-American meeting was informed that the United States was about to "swallow Panama in 36 bites." Student groups joined in, and

(Continued on page 54)

You Wash and I'll Wipe



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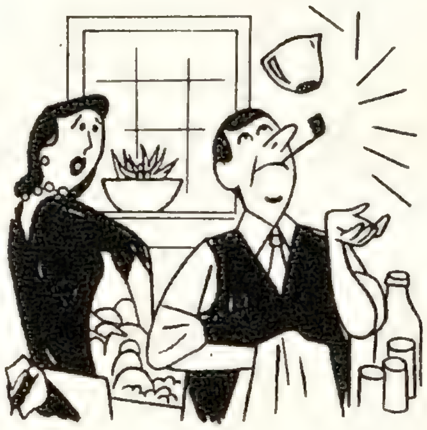
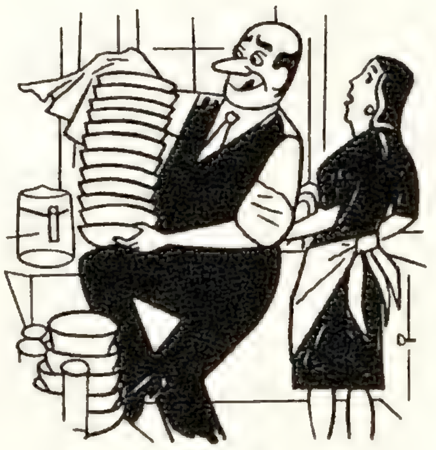
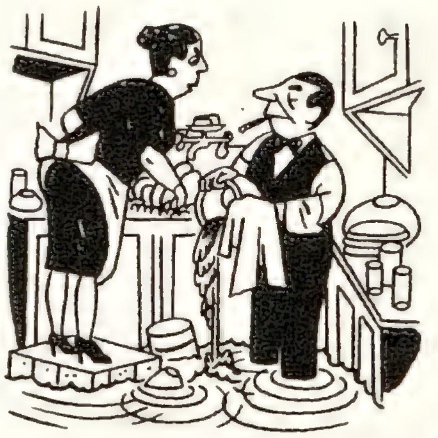


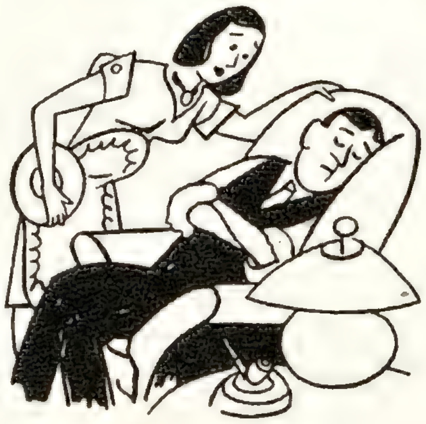
Nervous Type



Efficiency Expert



The Slob



Sleeper

By Charles R. Luchsinger

THE BEST TABLE

Mississippi mother who cooks three meals a day for six

A boy's best cook is his mother. At least that is what Craig Claiborne, Chicago publicity man, says. Craig comes from Indianola, Mississippi. When I made a recent trip to Indianola to see just how good a cook his mother really was, everyone I met said the same thing.

"Yes, Miss Kathleen sets the best table in town," they all agreed. Mrs. L. E. Claiborne has been called "Miss Kathleen" ever since she came from Alabama.

Six paying guests, all bachelors, said there wasn't much point in getting married when Miss Kathleen's food was so good.

Here are four of her best from a

BY BEULAH KARNEY

FRIED CHICKEN PIES

THREE-LAYER PARTY SALAD

IN TOWN . . . is set by a

boarders for less than the price of one meal in a restaurant

famous collection of notable dishes. The individual fried chicken pie recipe is worth its weight in diamonds for the opportunity to tuck a cup of left-over meat within the fluffy bosom of a light biscuit crust and yet come up with eight servings, all hearty and good. Canned chicken can be used instead of the "half of a stewing hen" Mrs. Claiborne uses. For Friday, fish topped with mushroom-soup sauce is an idea worth going into.

The salad photographed is a triple-decker affair, as you can see. A refreshing lime layer, then a hearty cream-cheese stratum seductive with onions and lemon, and the bottom

(Continued on page 54)

LIBERTY'S FOOD EDITOR

COCONUT ICING
SWEET-POTATO BISCUITS

SARRA

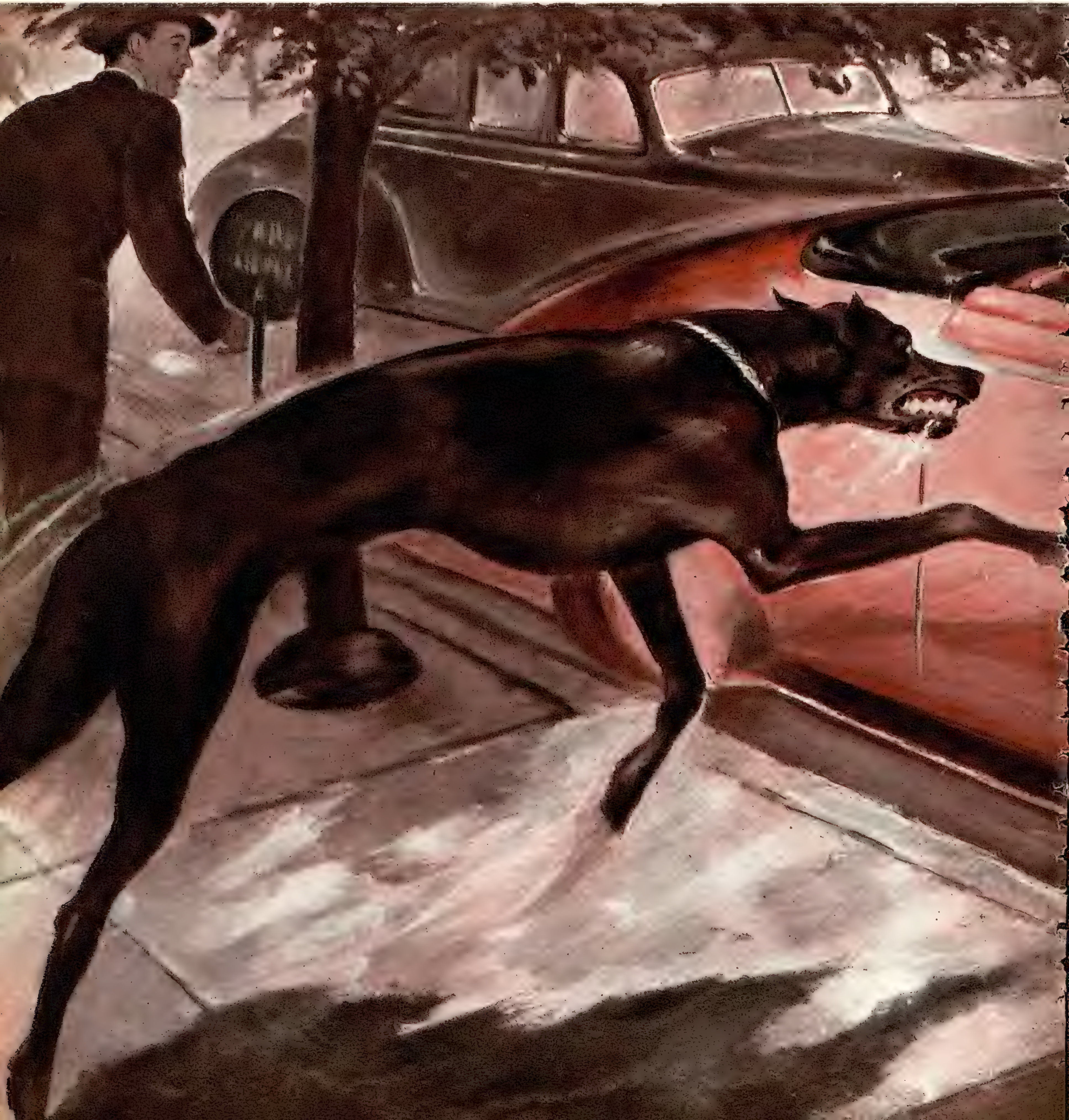
THE MAN WITH MY FACE

READING TIM

23 MINUTE

Incredibly, every possibility for Chick to prove his identity seemed closed, except the fact that he was alive — and somebody was working on that

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN



SYNOPSIS

When I arrived home that last Wednesday night, to find a man with my face occupying my home, and heard my wife Cora, Buster Cox (her brother and my partner in business), and his wife Ethelene denying any knowledge of me; even Jiggs, my bull terrier, attacking me—I began to doubt my own identity. But when a cop whom I'd called found that the fingerprints on *my* army identification card were those of the man with my face, I began to smell a rat.

The odor grew stronger when over a radio I heard that a Los Angeles bank messenger had killed a guard and escaped with two million dollars in government bonds, and was impersonating me—Charles Bruce Graham!

I hid in the woods that night, thereby contracting a fine case of oak poisoning. It made such a disguise that I had nerve enough to take my usual train to San Francisco. There I sought out Walter and Mary Davis. I had known them before I went into the army, and Mary and I had corresponded, but by degrees her letters had stopped coming.

Now I remembered that it was after Buster Cox had become my squadron's mail clerk that Mary's letters had ceased.

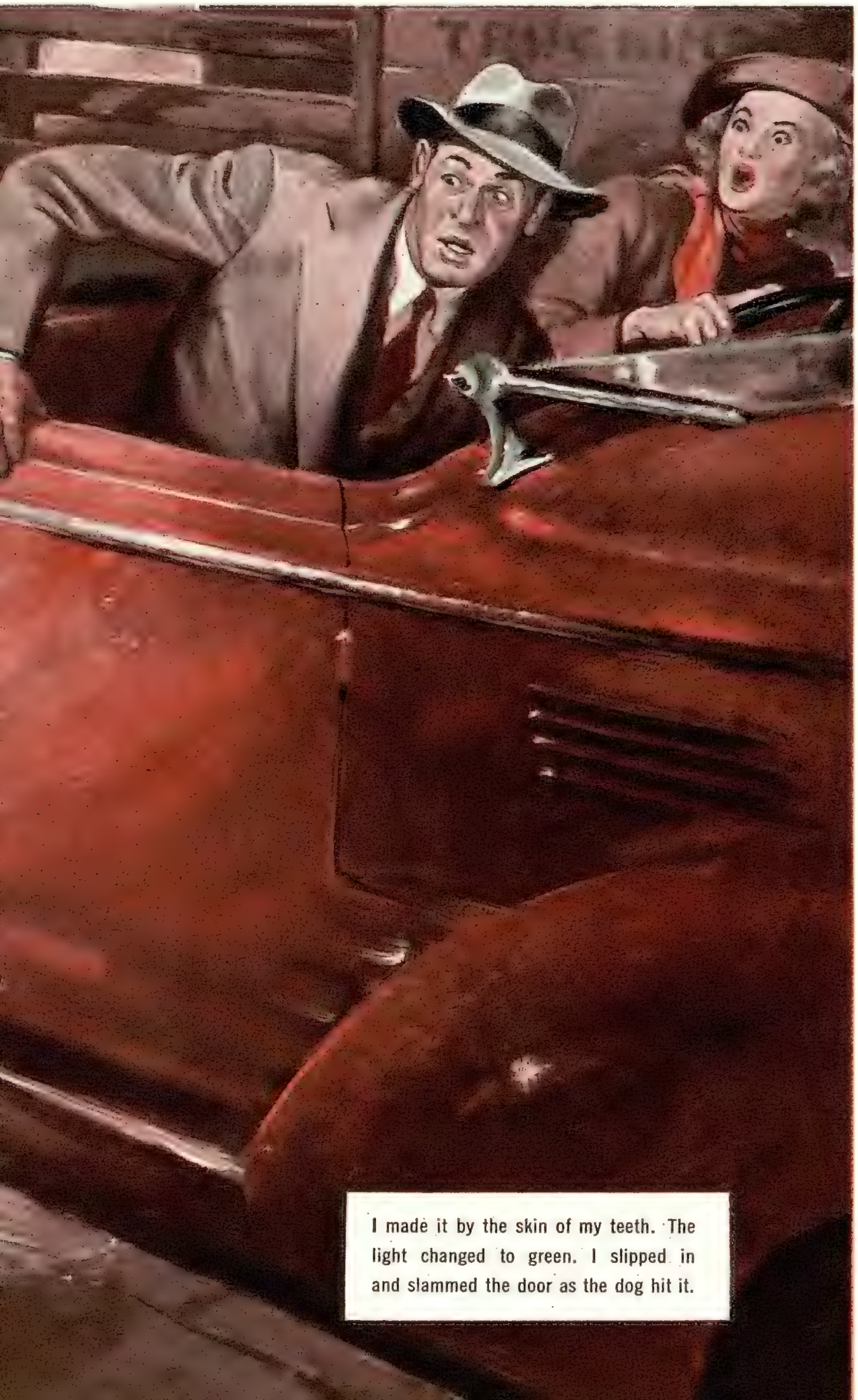
I was a shavetail and Buster a private when we first met. He had greeted me with a rude salute and called me Bert—Bert Rand. We became friends, and Buster introduced me to his sister Cora and to Ethelene, his fiancée. When the war was over, Buster and I married the girls and became a closed corporation—no outside friends.

Mary, Walt, and I tried to figure out the angles. We decided that in the hectic war years it was easy to substitute fingerprints; but how about my own dog attacking me?

Then I remembered that twice the previous evening I had noticed Bill Meadows with a Doberman. They must have been tailing me. Bill was a dog breeder and could have supplied a trained replica of Jiggs.

It was then we saw Meadows and the Doberman in front of the house. He left the dog guarding the front door and walked away.

Realizing my thoughtlessness in involving Mary and Walt in my predicament, I disinfected my socks and shoes and, wearing an overcoat of Walt's, escaped by the back door.



I made it by the skin of my teeth. The light changed to green. I slipped in and slammed the door as the dog hit it.

PART FOUR

I spent the night at an elegant dive on Howard Street. I'd bought the two afternoon papers and the two predated morning ones. I put them on the bed with the overcoat and went to the community bathroom down the smelly hall to wash some of the disinfectant odor off my feet and out of the socks. When I got back I had had a visitor. Walt's overcoat was gone. There was a big sign on the door: NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ARTICLES LOST THROUGH FIRE OR THEFT. LEAVE YOUR VALUABLES WITH THE CLERK. I wondered if the clerk made tenants regret ignoring that sign.

I locked the door, undressed, and, after examining the sheets suspiciously, got in bed.

The Chronicle carried a review of the whole case.

Albert Rand had got away with the bonds neatly and simply. As bank messenger, he was carrying two million dollars in war bonds in a briefcase locked to his wrist by a steel chain. The bank took routine precautions. He was accompanied by an armed guard. Rand had made hundreds of trips as messenger. Generally he carried papers of no possible negotiable value. (Under grilling by the police, the cashier of the bank, H. R. Alexander, had admitted that he had told Rand Tuesday night what he would be carrying the next morning. Natural enough, considering that Rand was engaged to Alexander's daughter.)

That brought me up short. I found a feature story in the Examiner on the

(Continued on page 56)

THE PIRATE

■ Judy Garland, off the screen for more than two years, and Gene Kelly, who hasn't been done right by since he returned from the war, are the talented stars of this colorful musical version of The Pirate, once played on Broadway by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

Metro-Goldwyn has dressed up the

Manuela Alva (Judy Garland) dreamed of a dashing, swashbuckling lover.

FORT APACHE

■ When producer-director John Ford puts his mind to making a picture about the West, no one can match him.

In his latest film, Fort Apache, an Argosy Production released by RKO, he comes close to equaling the beauty and excitement of his prize-winning Stage Coach. The action of

Shirley Temple and John Agar, married in real life, provide film's romance.

THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI

■ Orson Welles always believes in giving the customers their money's worth.

In his new picture for Columbia, The Lady from Shanghai, he throws in some beautiful and bizarre shots of fiesta-loving Acapulco; a thrilling gun battle in the mirror maze of a deserted San Francisco amusement

Orson Welles wrote and produced the film, plays opposite Rita Hayworth.

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

S. N. Behrman comedy with Technicolor and Cole Porter songs, including the rowdy Be a Clown number, which Judy and Gene sing and dance in gay abandon. The time is early nineteenth century, the place, Calvados, a town near the Caribbean Sea, and the girl is Manuela Alva (Judy Garland) who dreams of being romanced by Macoco, the fabulous pirate. Gene Kelly plays Serafin, a poor young actor who pretends to be Macoco to win Judy's love. When the real Macoco (Walter Slezak) appears, things get hilariously complicated.

The Kelly dancing, as always, is a sheer delight.

Manuela knocks her dream man (Gene Kelly) cold because he tricked her.

Fort Apache takes place at a U. S. Army outpost in 1870. To this post is sent Colonel Thursday (brilliantly played by Henry Fonda) whose ego and search for glory lead to the destruction of his command by the Apaches.

The romance department is very ably handled by the colonel's daughter (Shirley Temple) and a young lieutenant (John Agar). The rest of the cast is equally good. It includes John Wayne, Pedro Armendariz, Ward Bond, Victor McLaglen, Guy Kibbee, and George O'Brien. The battle scenes were taken in Monument Valley in southern Utah, 200 miles from a railroad station.

Henry Fonda as the fort's commander leads his men in a futile last stand.

park; and some very fetching close-ups of Rita Hayworth. Orson acts as star, writer, director, and producer of this brash melodrama and gives it the full de luxe treatment, with special emphasis on his former wife, now "a topaz blonde." The story, adapted from a murder mystery, If I Die Before I Wake, tells what happens when Black Irish Michael O'Hara (Orson) saves Mrs. Arthur Bannister (Rita) from attackers and signs on the Bannister yacht as a seaman. Everett Sloane as Arthur Bannister, the country's smartest and richest criminal lawyer, and Glenn Anders as his partner, Grisby, help no end with the exciting melodramatics.

Everett Sloane (left) as a criminal lawyer gets Welles into a tough spot.

Liberty

★ RECORDS ★

ABOUT NOVELTIES

BY ARTHUR GODFREY

■ Novelty tunes seem to be high in favor with most folks these days, so take a gander at some of the current releases.

There's a new Art Mooney record of an old 1926 love song, **Baby Face,** done in the same ricky-ticky style and tempo of Art's big hit, Four Leaf Clover. (M-G-M 10146; list price, 60 cents.)

■ Dorothy Shay, "the Park Avenue Hillbilly," sings a ditty called **The Sample Song.** On the reverse side she warbles a rootin'-tootin' tale of **Two-Gun Harry from Tucumcari.** Mitchell Ayres and his orchestra accompany Dorothy. (Columbia 38140; list price, 75 cents.)

■ Danny Kaye and the Andrews Sisters, whose record of Civilization was such a hit, have a new one which should be just as popular, **It's a Quiet Town** (In Crossbone County), with Vic Schoen's orchestra. This is complete with humorous sound effects. (Decca 24361; list price, 75 cents.)

■ Spike Jones and his City Slickers romp through **Down in Jungle Town,** which they have whipped up into a nonsensical musical travelogue. Turn the record over and you'll find something called **Ugga Ugga Boo** – figure it out for yourself. (Victor 2-2820A; list price, 75 cents.)

■ Marion Hutton, with Sonny Burke's orchestra, sings **My Brooklyn Love Song,** a new tune that ribs Dodgertown and its special brand of language. (M-G-M 10160; list price, 60 cents.)

■ Janette Davis, of my daytime radio show, does **There Ought to Be a Society,** with Archie Bleyer's orchestra supplying the background and Sy Shaffer helping out with the lyrics. On the backing, Janette kiddingly does **They Can't Make a Lady Out of Me.** (Columbia 38096; list price, 75 cents.)

■ And, if you're looking for Godfrey, you'll find me still searching for that gal Florence in **The Thousand Islands Song,** with the assistance of Archie Bleyer's boys and the Too Fat Trio, and **Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover,** with the Mariners Quartette. (Columbia 38081; list price, 75 cents.)

(Continued from page 47)

a speaker told a spring meeting at the University of Panama, "Don't fear the Yankees, because the U.S.S.R. will always help us." Last summer the drive was stepped up by the Communist-controlled Federation of Students.

The climax came in December when, after 15 months of negotiation, the Assembly took up the agreement to extend the use of Rio Hato for 20 years and a dozen other island and mainland bases for five. University students and schoolboys fought police in the streets of Panama City with sticks, stones, and bottles, and 40 civilians and police were injured in one day. Professors and pupils, even in girls' schools, went on a general strike for ten days. Parents were enlisted. Ten thousand women attended an outdoor protest meeting. Handbills in red lettering denounced Yankee imperialism, and called on Panama's youth to defend the country's integrity and to save Panama from Yankee fangs.

President Enrique A. Jiminez and other sober statesmen tried to tell the country that the threat of Communist aggression meant that the bases should be manned for joint defense. The students' reply was that there was no danger of war.

The University of Panama is a hotbed of Communists and extreme leftist sympathizers. The head of the university himself is far left of center, and perhaps three-quarters of the faculty are leftist sympathizers.

Panamanian Communists have influence not only in education and machine politics, but some have connections in the Canal administration. For example, a leading woman leftist, who is strongly suspected of being a Communist, is married to a man who holds a responsible job in the Zone.

■ The number of Russian residents in the republic is still growing, and 50 are reported to be waiting in Shanghai for Panama visas. Fifteen Russian vessels passed through the Panama Canal in the six months ended with January. They were of the fishing type, and all sailed westward, probably from Odessa to Vladivostok. One anchored offshore on the Atlantic side for three or four days, during which its officers and most of its seamen came ashore in small boats. They made contact with known Russian agents and with leading Communists. It is notable that the bank accounts of some of the agents showed an appreciable increase after the visit.

While the Russians woo Panama, the friction between Panamanians and our nationals continues to increase.

Cities outside the Zone are put "off limits" for our military personnel from time to time. The situation is so tense that explosions may be expected. Communist agitators exploit as racial discrimination such distinctions as the "gold" and "silver" classifications which grew out of early payment of U. S. citizens in gold and others in silver. The complaints are against both Jim Crowism and wage differentials.

The "silver" workers are easy marks for any professional organizers who promise them higher wages and better living conditions, and understandably so. Our government should indeed bow its head in shame at the conditions under which it forces some of the Canal workers to live. I have talked to "silver" employees who have been with the Canal for many years and are paid only $20 a week. Their families live in squalid barracks or tenements, 12 families to a tenement, one family to a room. Some families as large as ten persons are crowded into a single room, and no facilities except a common toilet for the whole tenement house.

We couldn't do more to encourage Communism if we offered Communist Party cards to all Canal Zone employees.

One thing we can do without delay to counteract Red propaganda is to improve these wage and housing conditions.

If we cannot soon get back the bases, especially Rio Hato, we should negotiate for sites in other Central American countries. At the Canal we need the best warning systems and air defenses that military science can develop. And our first line of defense is, of course, intelligence. This activity should be expanded in Europe and Asia as well as in Central and South America.

The recent report to Congress by the governor of the Canal recommends construction of a sea-level route at Panama instead of the present lock system, chiefly because it would be less vulnerable. It would cost two and a half billion dollars and take ten years to build. Before undertaking that or any other improvement we must make sure where we stand on security at Panama.

At Washington, suggestions have been advanced that a cut be made somewhere else—perhaps in Nicaragua. But there, too, local enmities might be aroused against us. It comes back to one diplomatic problem for all of Central America—counteracting the anti-United States campaign directed from Moscow. ■ ■

THE BEST TABLE IN TOWN

Continued from Page 49

layer fiery in its tomato garb and lusty as to seasoning.

The fresh coconut cake is frosted with Miss Kathleen's very special icing.

The sweet-potato biscuits were Pearl's. He served them with barbecued ribs—charcoal-browned barbecued ribs—the sauce smacking of lemon juice and peel. I have since found these biscuits delicious with pork or ham, with chicken, or as a topping for turkey pie. When used thus, I cut down the amount of sugar by one half.

Pearl is Miss Kathleen's cook. He has been with her ten years. The two of them keep the house running smoothly and the six boarding bachelors well fed, not mentioning the members of the family.

It may sound like a lot of work, keeping a big house in order, serving meals to a dozen folks three times a day, but it doesn't seem so as you watch Miss Kathleen in her easy way.

There's such a wealth of cooking lore within that one head that it's little wonder she has acquired the reputation for setting the best table in town.

MRS. L. E. CLAIBORNE'S FAMOUS RECIPES

Southern Fried Chicken Pies

THE FILLING:

Blend together
2 tablespoons flour with
2 tablespoons cream
Add
1½ cups thin cream and cook until slightly thick
Pour a little over
2 beaten egg yolks
Add to thickened cream and season with
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Add
1 cup diced cooked chicken. (meat from half a chicken)

THE PASTRY

Make a 2-cup batch of regular pastry, biscuit mix, or biscuits.

The latter is made as follows:

Sift cake flour, measure
2 cups
And resift with
2 teaspoons combination-type baking powder or 4 teaspoons tartrate or phosphate baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
Cut in
3 tablespoons shortening (if a stewing hen is used, cook the day before, chill broth, and skim off fat)
Make a well in center and pour into it
⅔ cup milk, or enough to make soft dough

Turn dough onto lightly floured board. Roll as thin as possible (about ⅛ inch) with floured pin. Cut in rounds with saucer (5½-inch size). Place a spoonful of chicken on one half of round. Fold over as for turnovers. Press dough together with fork. Fry in deep hot fat (360° F., or hot enough to brown cube of bread in one minute). Fry only a few at a time. Turn as they brown. Pass golden sauce separately. Makes 8 pies.

GOLDEN SAUCE:

Sauté until brown
½ cup mushrooms, diced
1 medium-sized pepper, seeded and chopped in
2 tablespoons chicken fat or butter
Add
1 tablespoon flour and blend
with
1 cup chicken broth

Add to remainder of sauce used for filling. Taste and season with salt and pepper if needed.

Mrs. Claiborne's Party Salad

FIRST LAYER:

Make up one package lime gelatine pudding, following the directions on the package. Pour into wet mold. (We used an 8-by-8-inch cake pan.) Chill. Let set thoroughly before adding second layer.

SECOND LAYER:

Soften 2 packages cream cheese with a little milk. Whip till fluffy. Then blend into 1 cup cream, whipped, mixed with 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and dash of salt. Dissolve 1 tablespoon plain gelatine in
4 tablespoons cold water
Dissolve over hot water until liquid. Then blend with cheese-cream mixture and pour over *set* lime mixture. Chill. When second layer is set, make a tomato aspic for third layer.

THIRD LAYER:

Soak
1 tablespoon plain gelatine in
¼ cup cold tomato juice
Meanwhile boil together
1¾ cups additional tomato juice
Season with
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
Dash of red pepper
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Grate stalk of celery over tomato juice and pour boiling tomato juice over dissolved gelatine. Stir and allow to become well chilled but not congealed. Pour this last layer over cheese layer and allow to set. Unmold by dipping mold for a moment in hot water. Shake loose from sides. Place serving platter on top. Flip over. Garnish with greens. Pass mayonnaise. Makes 8 large servings.

Pearl's Sweet-Potato Biscuits

Mix together
2 cups sifted flour
2 level teaspoons baking powder (a good rounded teaspoon, Pearl says; he uses double-acting)
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
½ cup sugar (less if desired)
1 cup mashed, cooked or canned sweet potatoes (yams preferred)
Add
¾ cup shortening or margarine (the original recipe called for butter). Cut the shortening into dry ingredients.
Gradually add
⅓ cup cream or "extra milk," as they say, to make a soft dough. Roll out ½ inch thick on lightly floured board, cut with small biscuit cutter (2 inch). Place on well-greased pan. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes or until lightly browned. Makes 3 dozen.

Coconut Frosting

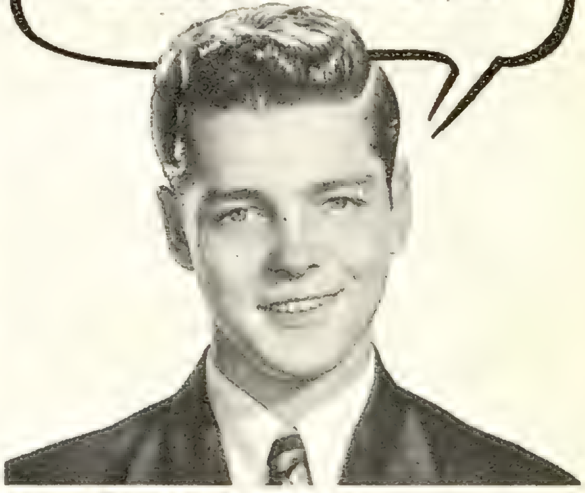
Combine and stir until dissolved
3 cups sugar
3 tablespoons white corn syrup
1 cup milk drained from fresh coconut (mix with water to make 1 cup liquid). When sugar is dissolved, wipe down granules from sides of pan with damp cloth. Cook rapidly until it boils, then cook until a spoonful dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Pour one-third of this mixture over
4 egg whites beaten stiff with
⅛ teaspoon salt

Put syrup back to cook until it spins a thread, then pour half this over the beaten frosting. Continue to beat. Meanwhile cook rest of syrup until the faintest tinge of brown appears. Pour this over the frosting, add 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat until of consistency to spread. The best way is to try a little on the cake. It will begin to thicken on sides of bowl. If the icing gets too thick before it is thoroughly spread, you can always thin with 1 teaspoon hot water. Tint if desired with a few drops cake coloring. Before icing sets, sprinkle thickly with fresh grated coconut (or packaged). Enough for tops and sides of three 9-inch layers or loaf cake 8 by 15 by 3 inches. ■ ■

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGER-NAIL
TEST?

TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL



A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

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CONTAINS
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WILDROOT
CREAM
HAIR
GROOMS
RELIEVES
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
Hair Tonic

AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder when new users from coast to coast were questioned, 4 out of 5 who replied said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Wildroot Cream-Oil is excellent for training children's hair!

TUNE IN . . . *TWO NETWORK SHOWS!* "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

BAKER
la mendola

"Ps-s-s-t — Want to rent a hot apartment?"

THE MAN WITH MY FACE

Continued from Page 51

cashier's daughter who had been engaged to marry Albert Rand. From her picture, Alicia Alexander was a nice enough kid. She had left this afternoon for Palm Springs for rest and seclusion.

Rand, then, had been engaged to the cashier's daughter. If he had been going with her at the time he got the job in the bank, it would have improved his chances of making that fingerprint switch. Probably the cashier had brought him in personally. Nobody, at any rate, would have been standing over him with a club while he filled out the necessary papers.

In carrying the briefcase of bonds (the Chronicle story said), neither Rand nor the accompanying guard was in uniform.

The trip was three and a half blocks each way. The bonds were carried on the return trip. The guard suddenly became faint, and Albert Rand helped him to a bar and a stool at the counter. Rand suggested calling a doctor, but the guard said it was just one of his spells (he had a bad heart and didn't want the bank to find out). Rand ordered a shot of whisky for a bracer, and said he'd pop in the drugstore next door and get something. Albert walked out. And away.

As Rand walked out, the guard tossed off the shot of whisky and, momentarily braced, began following. He collapsed on the floor. The bartender dragged him into a back booth and got him awake enough to drink some black coffee. The guard passed out again. Rand didn't come back. The bartender asked a cop to take care of the drunk. The cop called the wagon and the guard went to the precinct station. There, his identity was established by the contents of his pockets. The guard was, technically, a policeman, a brother cop. The police at the station did the natural thing in not notifying the bank. They didn't want him to lose his job. They brought a doctor in to sober the man up.

Albert Rand walked out of the bar with the bonds at about a quarter to nine. It was past eleven o'clock before the alarm went out for him. Rand, at or about the time he walked out with the bonds, had phoned his intended father-in-law that there would be a delay while the other bank checked serial numbers of the bonds. That helped stall off suspicion.

The guard died that afternoon of heart failure induced by poison.

Rand had next appeared, according to the Chronicle, at the home of Charles Graham at Redwood City. He bore a remarkable resemblance to Graham, and evidently planned on murdering Graham and taking his place. The story said Graham owed his life to the fact that he had company for the evening. And to his dog. Rand had obviously plotted the thing carefully. Had he been able to murder Graham and Graham's wife, he could have taken a trip under Graham's name and disappeared.

Whatever his plan, he had been thwarted, had been captured by the police, and had escaped by impersonating yet another man. He was now at large, a dangerous and desperate criminal of resource.

For headlines, the affair was already known as the "Switch Case."

Police were digging into Rand's past, but finding precious little pay dirt. He had served in the Air Force in the European Theater, being discharged with the rank of captain. In Los Angeles he had lived a model life, had been an active church member, and had not associated with any but respectable people.

Curious, Rand being in the Air Force in the ETO, and a captain. There were millions over there with the Air Force, but still somebody might have mentioned that I looked like a Captain Rand of such-and-such a group. He'd had the same rank as I'd had.

I looked back over the part about myself, Charles Graham. The type seemed to leap out of the page.

Graham was a technical sergeant in headquarters at Fort Douglas.

I threw on my clothes and ran down the hall. I put a nickel in the pay phone on the wall by the desk of the eight-by-eight office and dialed Mary's number.

Mary answered. I decided to tease it along. It was too good to give right out cold. "Everything O.K. there?"

"Yes. Bill Meadows is still in front. He's in that parked car across the street and the dog is at the front of the house."

"The police didn't come?"

"Not yet."

"I don't want to keep you up, but—"

"Oh, I wanted you to call. To know you're all right. And Walt and I have thought of another thing. There's the driver's license with your thumbprint. The one in your billfold was a phony, but you can get a duplicate of the original from the Department of Motor Vehicles in Sacramento."

"I'm afraid that's out."

"Why?"

"My lovely wife Cora. The day we bought the car I took down with something. I thought it was the flu. I guess now she put something in my coffee. Anyhow, I was home in bed and she brought me the application and the little card you fill out and put your thumbprint on."

"But they won't let you do that. They won't even let you whisper, let alone take the paper home. And the man at the desk makes out the card and puts your thumbprint on it."

"I knew it was irregular. Cora admitted it, but she said she'd pulled some framus on the guy to get it."

"Then that's out. But there's your teeth. Your dentist will have a chart of your teeth."

"I guess we can cross that off, too. I've only got one filling in my head, and that was put in by an army dentist in London."

"Gee, Chick. Walt and I figured we'd really made progress."

■ Then I sprang it: "Why I called you, we've got Rand."

"How? What do you mean?"

"He's trying to ride my service record in the army! I was overseas in the Air Force. *He* was at Fort Douglas! There's his slip! The army had millions of men, and it knew all about how to tell one from another and keep track of every single man."

"The War Department files? How hard is it to get access to them?"

"I don't know, but we'll do it! We've got him!"

"Chick, this is so—oh, I just wish you were here so I could—" She didn't finish that, but I hoped I knew what she meant.

Then she said, "Chick."

"Yeah."

There was a little silence. "Good night, Chick."

"Good night, Mary."

I went back to bed. I didn't know whether I was happier about finding Rand's mistake or about the way she'd said, "Good night, Chick."

I slept like a baby until somebody hammered at my door at quarter to eleven next morning and said if I didn't clear out of there in fifteen minutes I'd have to pay for another day. I washed up in the community bathroom, taking all my clothes in with me, and went out whistling. I whistled for almost half a block. And then I saw a copy of the News on a newspaper rack.

The streamer said, "SWITCH" DISCOVERED YEARS OLD! The subhead said, RAND SERVED IN ARMY UNDER GRAHAM'S

NAME, FBI CHECK REVEALS; ROSE TO CAPTAIN UNDER ASSUMED NAME; HAD PLOTTED IDENTITY SWITCH FOR YEARS.

I decided to skip breakfast. Just a cup of coffee, please. As I sipped, I went over the story. It seemed there were two Charles Bruce Grahams in the army, one at Fort Douglas and one overseas with the Eighth Air Force. The F.B.I., checking War Department files, had discovered that Albert Rand had served in the Air Force under the name of Graham. On getting the job with the Los Angeles bank he had presented a photostat of his Certificate of Service. Microscopic examination of the photostat had revealed that the original Certificate of Service had been altered, and not too well; the name had been changed from Charles Graham to Albert Rand, both on the typed and handwritten places.

A nice touch. Not only a phony Certificate of Service (he wouldn't have received the certificate at all, being an enlisted man), but a phony that had been carefully altered in a clumsy manner.

So Rand had used my name in the army. My name fitted his fingerprints. The newspaper story said that the information given the army by both men—next of kin, place and date of birth, mother's maiden name, and so on—was identical. The two men were identical in appearance.

The sole proof of which was which were the fingerprints. And, of course, the positive identification of Cora, Buster, and Ethelene.

■ Well, anyhow, I had my health. My face, I'd noticed in the wavy mirror while in the community bathroom, was really in bloom. My feet were still sore, but the crisis seemed over in that department. I felt of my whiskers, and remembered seeing an electric razor in Walt's apartment. I didn't want to try scraping that inflamed hide with a blade.

I finished the coffee and went to the phone in the back of the café. I called the title insurance company where Mary and Walt worked.

"Just get up?" Mary said brightly. "How did you sleep?"

"You saw the News?"

"Chick, he can't get away with it. Walt and I have been talking it over. We've got another idea. Why don't you meet me for lunch and we'll talk it over."

"Make sure you're not followed."

"All right. I'm not used to dodging, yet. I can't remember."

"Was Bill Meadows still there this morning?"

"Yes, and the dog. But I don't think he followed us."

"Have you noticed a tubby little guy with a round innocent face?"

"Well, I don't re—yes, I do, too! Come to think of it. A wide innocent grin? Looks like a baby's face."

"That's Buster."

"There was a fellow like that waiting on the corner this morning. He got on the streetcar with us."

"Then you'll be followed when you go out to lunch."

"Chick, there's a drugstore on the corner of Fifth and Market. I'll be there at twelve thirty, at the soda counter. You come in and take a stool and if everything's right I'll say hello. If I don't, just go out. How's that?"

"Perry Mason couldn't do better. And, say, could Walt meet us there with his electric razor?"

"Sure thing. I'll be seeing you."

I had an hour, and I decided to get rid of what dynamite was in my pockets. If somebody had copped my suit coat, instead of Walt's overcoat, I would have been a cooked goose. I went into the washroom of a bar, hooked the door, and emptied my pockets. My key case had my name stamped in gold. I dropped the case in the overhead tank of the old-fashioned toilet, but kept the keys. I'd been carrying seven letters in my breast pocket, the sort of stuff a man totes around without any good reason. Two of the envelopes were of the window variety, a transparent opening showing the name and address inside. I took the letters out, tore off my name, and on the back wrote in a disguised hand, "Mr. C. Bramwell Greene, 781 Santa Clara Street, San Carlos, California." I folded the letters so this would show at the windows, and put the envelopes back in my breast pocket. I also kept my checkbook. I had an idea on that.

I had entered the washroom a nameless fugitive. I emerged as C. Bramwell Greene, a couple of letters with good return addresses and the initials C B G on my wrist watch.

At twelve thirty I arrived at the drugstore at Fifth and Market. Mary wasn't there. I sipped a cup of coffee.

At three minutes to one I saw Walt saunter into the place. He browsed at the magazine rack, picked up a paper and came to the counter alongside me. He gave the clerk a quarter and as the clerk turned to the register, Walt muttered, "Bill Meadows is outside."

The clerk gave him his change. Walt asked him, "Where's the Egypt?"

"What is it?"

"The Egypt café. I think it's on Third, just off Market."

"Beats me. There's a phone book over there if you want to look it up."

"Thanks. I think that's where it is." He went out.

"Say, did that guy leave this?" the clerk said, indicating the leather case of an electric razor by my coffee cup.

"No; it's mine." I put it in my pocket. The clerk gave me a look of distrust, but didn't pursue the matter. I waited until ten after one, and then went out the side door.

I don't remember what I was thinking right then. It was probably very profound stuff. But the point is I was thinking. I wasn't watching. It was by the merest chance that I saw at the edge of my vision a brown snout protrude from the Market Street side of the building. A brown snout sniffing the air. Then a pair of eyes looking, and two needle-pointed ears alert. Then, above, an unlighted cigarette followed by Bill Meadows' face.

I had two steps to the curb. The dog had about thirty yards. I made it by the skin of my teeth. The stop light had just changed to green, and the traffic was beginning to move. I slipped into the seat of a green Chevrolet and slammed the door just as the dog hit it.

"My God!" the woman driving the car began. Then she bucked the car ahead. She was so rattled she made an illegal left-hand turn into Market, cutting straight through the line of traffic pouring out of Fifth.

I looked back to see the dog standing quietly beside Bill Meadows on the corner. I hadn't heard his commands to it. Bill stood there tall and impassive, watching me until the car melted into the traffic.

My puffed face was no longer a disguise. Now they knew what to look for.

The woman took me on one of the wildest rides I ever hope to have, for three blocks. "It's O.K., now," I said. "I'll get out. The dog didn't chase us."

She pulled in to the curb. "I think the cops ought to do something about that. I was never so scared in my life."

"I'll report it."

As she drove away she smiled.

The Egypt was upstairs on Third

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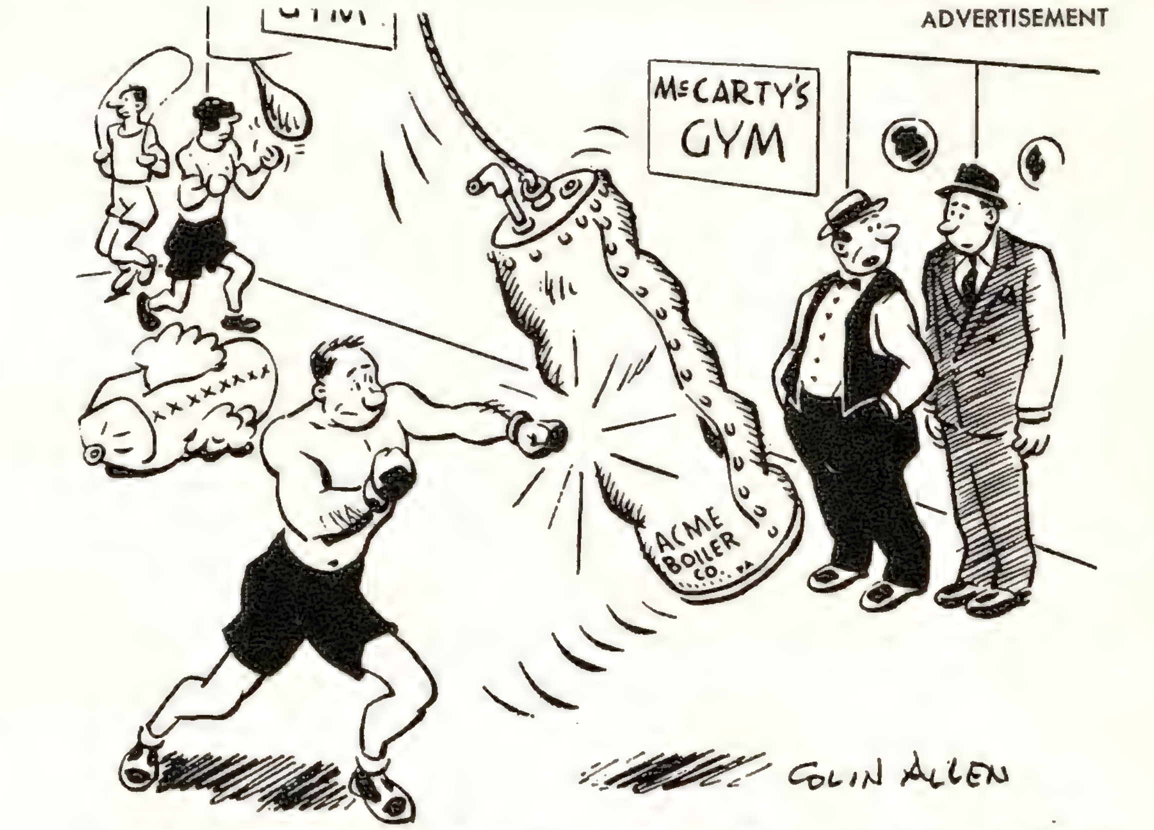

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Street, off Market. Mary was in the end booth. She said, "It's so good to see you. I've been on pins and needles. Buster followed me when I left the office. I know what you mean by that round baby face, all innocence. I went back and told Walt to stay at the office until I phoned him. Then I did everything I could to shake Buster off, but when I got to the drugstore where I was to meet you, he was tagging me. A taxi came along and I grabbed it. The last I saw of Buster he was trying to find one. I didn't want to go back there, so I phoned Walt I'd be here. Did you have any trouble?"

"I got here O.K. What's this idea of yours?"

"We won't talk about that until you get some food. I'll bet you haven't had a thing all day except coffee."

Mary seemed to understand the score, and she ordered.

■ After I had eaten dutifully I asked about that idea of hers.

"It may lead to something. But—Chick, I don't know. You might get in trouble."

"*There's* something to worry about."

"At least you're free, now. And with the poison oak—"

I told her about the dog finding me out, and Bill Meadows watching my pink face as I rode away.

"Then I guess my idea is better than staying here," she said. "At least, you'll be away from them."

"I'm for anything that's doing something. I haven't done a single solitary thing offensively to improve my position."

"I've got a good hunch you have. I think you've done exactly right, and the very worst thing for their case."

"I'm listening."

"Walt and I were discussing it. Why is it that Bill Meadows and Buster are trying to do the work of the police? They know you were at the apartment last night. Why didn't they call the police? Why haven't they told the police you are in contact with me and Walt? They're scared, Chick. They're trying to catch you by themselves. You've put them on the spot. I don't know the reason, but they're terribly afraid.

"It's perfectly plain, of course," she continued, "that Rand is in a bad position with you free. You see, he was aiming one way. We must admit that his plan for stepping into your shoes was perfect. He closed every possibility for you to prove you are *you*."

"Then what's bad about his position?"

"Simply this, Chick. He never intended you to be free to prove *you're not Rand*."

"Isn't that sort of juggling words?"

"Not at all. You might not be able to prove you're Charles Graham. But if you prove you're *not* Albert Rand, it amounts to the same thing. Don't you see?"

I let that sink in. "Maybe you've got something there. But what can I do that the police and the F.B.I. can't?"

"You have the enormous advantage of knowing the whole thing. And you can be yourself, Charles Graham. That, I think, is what has Rand scared right now. You can prove you're not he. When I saw you yesterday it was for the first time in years. Your face was swollen; you looked so little like your normal self that you got on the train in Redwood City yesterday morning with the police there watching for you. You rode up in the seat behind Rand. But when I saw you, I knew you."

"You were prepared. You knew I was coming. You knew my voice."

"True enough. But if a girl's been close to a man— What I mean, let's suppose Rand came to see me, pretending to be you. Let's say I had no idea he *wasn't* you. Do you think he could fool me very long? And if I saw both of you together, it wouldn't take me two minutes to know which was you and which was Rand. Chick, the girl Rand was engaged to in Los Angeles will know you're not Albert Rand!"

"Yes, of course." It had been lying there under my nose. "The cashier's daughter—Alicia Alexander. That's their weak point."

"She'll know, Chick. There's your starting point. I don't care about all this fingerprint foolishness. Once there's a shadow cast on Rand's impersonation, it's doomed. If you can make it doubtful that you are Rand, his whole play will fall through. And Alicia Alexander will know you're not the man she was engaged to."

I felt a lot better. "Well, I'm off to the races."

"Be careful, Chick. But once you've contacted the girl, and she knows you're not Rand, I think you'd better go to the police."

"The police? That's suicide!"

"Chick, that's what we've just been talking about. Rand is afraid you'll go to the police. Otherwise he would have put the police on you. And give the police some credit. This is their business, not yours. They know how to do things. With the Alexander girl throwing doubt on your identity as Rand, the police will have a starting point. Give the police a starting point—the fact that you are not Rand—and the police will not only figure it out but prove it. They've got the organization for it and we haven't."

"You're right, as usual." At last there was a chance to take the offensive. Alicia Alexander was the pin. Pull out the pin, and Rand's false structure would collapse. "The paper said Alicia Alexander had gone to Palm Springs. I've always wanted to see Palm Springs."

ROY WILLIAMS

"You can go home now!"

"Well, if I'm not smart!" Mary declared with vexation. "Walt and I talked this over and of course I knew you'd need money. But I didn't draw any. Now I've got to go back to the office and go through the business of shaking Buster and getting together again."

I didn't take that as a calamity. I was ready to go through a little framus any time to get together again with Mary. Alicia Alexander would keep an hour or so. She was money in the bank. She would be burning with humiliation; she'd cooperate, gladly, once she knew I wasn't Rand.

Mary and I went out arm in arm. We went down the narrow stairs to the street, laughing at the fun of being alive. On the street a newsboy was yelling.

"Extry! Read all about it! Rand's girl dead! Read all about it! Extry! Rand's girl dead! Read all about it! . . . "

■ We read all about it, standing together beside a store front. Alicia Alexander had, the previous afternoon, started for Palm Springs. She had phoned her father later that she had arrived. The next morning, which was today, her car had been found awash in the surf in a little cove near Santa Cruz, some five hundred miles north of Palm Springs. The car had gone over the cliff during the night at high tide. The girl was drowned. Bruises on her head indicated she had been stunned by the accident. A check of her phone call to her father proved that it had come from Santa Cruz, not Palm Springs.

"They saw it, too," Mary said. "They got her. Chick, what can we do now?"

"I don't know. I wish I did." And then I grabbed her arm. "Mary, you're in the same place she was! You know the same thing she does! I want you to go back to the office. Stay with Walt. Have Walt carry that gun. Don't take any chances. Promise me, Mary."

"Of course, Chick. I'll be careful. But what can you do?"

"You take care of yourself. Stick by Walt. We're up against killers."

She went back to work, and I spent some time over a beer seeing if there was something else in the News to take hold of. The police had discovered that Albert Rand had chartered a plane for Wednesday morning. He had simply walked out of the bar in Los Angeles with the bonds, climbed into his car parked near by, driven to the airport and taken off in the waiting plane. His method of escape had not been discovered until his car had been found by police at the airport (the pilot was not licensed to carry passengers for hire, and had kept mum).

I finished my beer and went back to the washroom with the idea of shaving. There wasn't any wall plug for the electric razor. I walked to a dime store and bought a double socket and a screw-in plug. On the way back to the bar I picked up the Call; I was getting to be a fiend for newspapers. I went into the washroom, took out the bulb, put in the double socket, screwed the light in one side and plugged the razor in the other, and shaved. Then I went out to the counter, got another glass of beer, and read the Call.

I had to keep off the streets, and there was no place to go except bars or movies. I had enough plot on my hands without borrowing from the movies.

The Call carried a by-line piece about Rand's war record (that is, mine). This was familiar enough to me, except for a curious paragraph which said, "Rand, while serving under the name of Graham in England with the Eighth Air Force, made a practice of slipping back to the States for brief visits with his girl friend, Alicia Alexander, in Los Angeles. While the War Department professes no knowledge of this, the same thing was done by other members of the Air Force during the war. It wasn't too hard to get on a military plane as an unofficial member of the crew, and a five-day leave was ample time to make the round trip and have a day with the girl friend. Rand's appearances were very hush-hush and he added to the mysterious glamor by hinting he was on some top-secret deal so superimportant that he couldn't even receive mail. Thus his girl friend never did discover there was no Captain Albert Rand in the army."

Rand, stationed at Fort Douglas, had had ample opportunity to pop up occasionally in Los Angeles in a captain's uniform and an ETO ribbon, to soften up his girl.

■ Then I remembered Major Jody, my old C. O. If the exact dates of Rand's appearances in Los Angeles could be determined, I might be able to prove through Jody that on those dates I was on duty in England. Human memory is faulty, the daily records of our squadron were burned before we flew home—but still that was something to work on. Jody had corresponded with Mary and had stopped by to see her that day I'd met him in the S. P. station. She might have his address.

I phoned the title insurance company and asked for Miss Davis, please. Walt answered the phone. "I'm glad you called, Chick. Mary wants to see you." There was excitement in his voice.

"Put her on."

"She's not here. She went to meet you."

"She did what? How did she know where to go?"

"Well, she—you know it takes some time to shake Buster. She said she'd slip him and then call where she was, so when you called you could meet her right away."

I was furious. "I told her not to go out alone. They killed the Alexander girl. Mary's in the same position. Why did you let her go out? She could have talked on the phone. Where is she?"

"It's a place on Bush Street. Just a minute." After a small wait he apparently found an address; he gave it to me. "It's close to Van Ness. The door's unlocked and just walk in. She says it's a place you can stay. Now, get going!"

"O.K., I'm off."

I took a taxi. It went out Market to Van Ness, along Van Ness to Bush, and made a left turn. The house was an old frame building.

"Keep on going!" I said to the driver. "Don't stop. Keep on."

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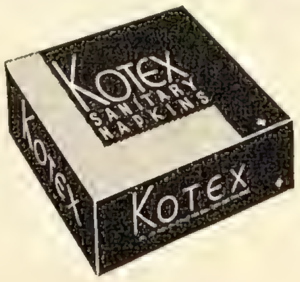

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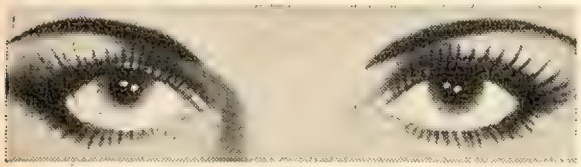

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I directed him, right, left, uphill and down, until I was sure nobody was following. Then I had him stop at a little grocery store tucked into a half basement. I told him to wait. I went in the grocery and dialed the title insurance company. I asked for Mr. Davis.

When Walt's voice answered I said, "All right, let's have it."

Walt stuttered a little.

"Come on, let's have it," I yelled.

"Good God! Do you want something to happen to her? Have you been there?"

"Then they've got her?"

His voice was flat, barely audible. "Yes. How did you know?"

"It added up, the way you talked. Warning me not to say anything to anybody. The fact you didn't know why she wanted to see me. But never mind that. Let's have the whole thing."

"Don't blame me. I had to do it! I'll tell you how it was. A few minutes after she got back from seeing you at lunch she got a phone call from you—"

"I never called her."

"She thought you did. She said you'd trapped Buster and got a confession out of him. She went to meet you, to take the confession down in shorthand."

"Yes, that would bring her," I admitted.

"We've got to do something! They might be —"

"Well, what happened? How did you get that address on Bush Street?"

"A little while after she'd gone, a messenger delivered a package to me. It had in it one of her gloves, a lock of her hair, and the lipstick with her initials on the case I gave her for her birthday. I'd just opened the package when there was a phone call. A man's voice told me Mary had just one hour to live unless I did exactly what I was told. The hour's almost up!"

"She's bait for me. She's no good to them dead."

"And neither was the Alexander girl! Don't pull that on me! They've got her! Why didn't you go to that place on Bush Street?"

"Don't be a damn fool, Walt! Then they would have had us both, and it would have been you next! Let's quit this crazy fighting and get down to cases. What's the rest of it?"

"That's everything. The voice on the phone told me to contact you and tell you to go to that address on Bush. I told the guy I couldn't contact you, that I'd have to wait until you phoned me. He said if you weren't there in an hour Mary would be dead. He said the same thing would happen to her that happened to Alicia Alexander, and that if I notified the police— I was wild! My God, what time is it now? What are we going to do?"

■ My wrist watch showed three twenty-eight. "Walt, give me a half hour more. Give me until four o'clock. If you don't hear from me by then, call the police. Tell them everything. Every single thing. It will be my neck, but we've got to think about Mary. But give me just a half hour, Walt. Don't call the police until four o'clock."

I hung up before he had a chance to argue.

If he didn't call the police, which he might do, I had a half hour.

To be continued in the next issue.

HIGH AIR MAN

Continued from Page 25

isn't he? Or don't you think so?"

Darned if she didn't blush. "Yes, he is, Tommy," she said softly.

■ I went into the hole the next day with Jim Bishop's gang. I clumped along behind, trying to act as unconcerned as the rest, and took my place in the elevator, waiting for the signal to lower. I felt a crowding at my side, and I saw Mike there.

"How you feel, Tommy?" he asked.

"All right!"

I felt my knees shaking. "Then cut her loose," Jim Bishop called, and the cage dropped, cables whining. I was glad that nobody could see the whiteness of my face. Cold touched me, and I shrank against the men. Then the cage landed, and the men were going toward the wide concrete bulkhead.

The chill was tighter about my chest; I was shaking with it, and the knot in my stomach was growing second by second.

Three cylinders thrust red-painted noses from the bulkhead: one the man lock, through which gangs entered and left the tunnel; the second the lock through which the muck cars and equipment were shuttled back and forth. The third cylinder was the snout of the emergency lock, the last chance for life if the tunnel blew and men were trapped.

■ Dad hadn't made the emergency lock. He'd been trapped like a rat when the flood of oily sand and muck burst into the tunnel. He hadn't had a chance. And standing there, remembering, I recognized the icy lump in my belly was fear.

Men were filing into the man lock, ranging along the side benches, ready to take the pressure which would permit them to pass into the tunnel. I hung back.

"I don't like it, Flynn," I heard Jim Bishop say. "It's there, and trying to break it may make it worse."

"Nobody asked you to like it, Bishop," Mike Flynn answered shortly. "Dan was a good man, and I sure as hell don't want his son to learn to run."

Jim Bishop's shoulders squared. Then he shrugged and went into the lock.

"Let's go, Tommy," Mike said to me, and I went past him to the bench.

Mike swung the lock shut, and it banged dully on its rubber flange. "Hit it," he said, and the lock tender reached for the air valve. My fingers were clamped to the edge of the bench, and the terror in me was hot and strangling. I wanted to get up and tear open the lock and make my escape. I was remembering Dad's swollen muddy face, and I was remembering other men who had died. I was afraid as I had never been in my life before.

The gauge needle slid past the ten toward the twenty, past it slowly, crowding higher and higher. The lock tender grinned; he was accustomed to the pressure changes. Compression could be fast, the body absorbing the nitrogen; but decompression had to be slow, or men got caisson disease, the bends, their bodies twisted in dreadful agony.

The screaming of the air died, the needle hovering at forty pounds. A man thrust the inner lock open in a soughing of wind; and then the sand hogs were piling through, going toward the face.

I was last. I could see the dim lights in the ever-present pressure fog. A muck car snaked toward the bulkhead, filled with the ooze of a river bottom.

My breath was hot in my throat. I forced myself to follow Mike. The new gang slipped into place, tools changing hands, and the iron scales were fitted and bolted into place with uncanny speed. Sweaty tired men dropped to the floor, barely nodding as they hurried toward the bulkhead. One hour they worked in the incredible pressure, and then off five. More than that would drop a man in his tracks.

"O.K.!" The crew chief of the relieved gang circled thumb and forefinger at Mike Flynn and then hurried by.

We went ahead. Muckers bent and straightened, scoop shovels moving with a ceaseless rhythm in calloused hands. Slimy muck splattered into the muck cars, ready to be wheeled on the narrow tracks outside and away. This was handwork; no modern conveyor belt to take the muck from the face.

"Grab a shovel, Tommy," Mike yelled at me, and then went toward the face where men worked.

I nodded, catching up a discarded shovel and laying into the work. I felt sickness crowding my belly, but I forced myself to stay at the job. I knew that tunneling was not for me.

Water bubbled from the floor at my feet, even the massive pressure of high air failing to hold it back. I watched it swirl upward, sucked away by heavy flexible hose; and I began to shake again.

I was hemmed in, curved wall pressing down. Ninety feet overhead, ships plied muddy water, and a billion tons of muck and silt and crushing weight lay waiting, for one mistake, to come hurtling in a pounding flood.

I ran. I threw my shovel aside and began to slog my way back toward the bulkhead. Fear was a yellow mist in my eyes, and my heart pounded as though it would rip free of my chest. I could hear my voice screaming in panic as I went the last few yards to the man lock.

■ I was hammering on the steel door, battering with bruised hands for admittance, when Mike Flynn raced to my side.

"What's wrong, Tommy?" he asked sharply.

I hit him, throwing the blow with every bit of strength in me. My ring cut his mouth and he went backward. Then he was gripping my hands with terrible strength, holding me rigid.

"Fight it, kid," he said. "You've got to whip it."

I cursed him. I knew why he had brought me down; I'd seen other men forced back into a tunnel when their nerve had broken. I didn't want any part of the tunnel. I wanted out.

The lock sighed open, and Mike Flynn thrust me inside. "Slow decompression," he said to the lock tender; and then he was gone.

I cried then. I was afraid, and I knew I was afraid, and somehow the knowledge was worse than the fear.

■ Jim Bishop fought Mike Flynn that night. They wrecked the Company restaurant, and only one man walked away.

That was later, though. I hadn't told Molly what had happened, and she asked no questions about my first day on the job. We had supper and cleared the table, and Jim Bishop appeared in time to help with the drying.

I flushed, seeing his friendly smile, for I knew the code of the sand hogs, and there was no place for a yellow streak in any of the workers. Men's lives depended on courage and swift thinking. Each man was a vital part in a gang. Let one man fail and forty men might be horribly killed.

"Hi, Tommy," he said to me. "Here, let me play dishmaid."

He took the dish towel from my hand, grinning at Molly. They didn't speak to each other, for their friendship was too deep for hellos and good-bys.

"How about ice cream?" Jim suggested, and found a half dollar in his pocket. "Want to find a pint somewhere, Tommy?"

"Sure," I said, and took the money.

I went from the kitchen, catching up my hat. I was outside before I remembered I hadn't asked what flavor Jim wanted. I went back in, suddenly going slower down the hall when I heard my name mentioned.

". . . lost his nerve completely," Jim Bishop was saying to Molly. "He ran, and when Flynn overtook him, he hit Flynn in the mouth. My God, Molly, how could you let the kid go down? You must have known this was too soon after your father died."

"But Mike thought—"

"To hell with Mike Flynn!" I'd never heard Jim swear like that before Molly. "What right has he to interfere in the matter? Now the kid is really hurt."

"Jim—" Molly began, and he cut her short.

"Look, Molly," he said. "Just where do I stand? I'm in love with you, you know that; and I thought you were in love with me. Now this Mike Flynn comes along. Where does he fit in?"

Molly hedged. I never heard her do that before, and I knew she was almost ready to cry; I could tell it in her voice.

"We talked it over—about Tommy," she said. "I thought it would be all right."

"I didn't ask you that."

"Please, Jim, please, not now."

"Why not now? Either you love him or you don't. I've got to know, Molly."

"I don't know, Jim," Molly answered. "He's big and exciting and vital. He's like Dad; he's—"

A dish crashed on the floor, and then Jim Bishop came through the door and down the hall. He brushed past without seeing me.

Molly came running, stopping when she saw me.

"Stop him, Tommy," she said to me. "Please stop him."

I ran from the house in time to see his wide shoulders as he turned into the Company restaurant. Jim had already started when I entered.

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". . . . so damned smart!" he was saying to Mike Flynn at the bar. "You take a kid and finish breaking his nerve. He wants to be a surgeon, and you break his nerve. I don't like you, Flynn. I never have."

Mike Flynn leaned against the bar, taking what the other man said, and beer slopped from his glass over his hand.

"It had to be done, Bishop," he said. "Tommy didn't lose his nerve in the tunnel. He lost it when his dad died. His sister knew that, and so did I."

"You talk big, Flynn, you and your amateur psychology!" Jim Bishop snapped, and he was coming forward, one slow step at a time. "I intend to teach you to mind your own business."

Mike Flynn straightened then. Men were crowded in the restaurant, but none said a word. There had been fights here before, but this would be a lulu, for no one could remember either man ever having had a beating.

"And this is all for Tommy!" Mike Flynn said softly, and only the three of us knew what he meant.

Jim hit him then, throwing the blow with the clumsy grace of a grizzly.

Mike went smashing back against the bar, blood staining his mouth.

Then he was coming in, walking forward on steady legs, his eyes cold and merciless. He hit Jim twice, meaty rocking blows that threw Jim ten feet and into a table. Glass fell and broke, and the table crashed. Jim rolled away, coming up, and when Mike came in, they met, slugging, neither giving an inch.

■ Mike was taller, but Jim matched his weight. Mike had the reach, but Jim was solid and driving and deadly as a maddened bull. They stood and hammered at each other, blood staining their faces, bruises lifting into purple welts.

Mike went down, foot twisting in the wreckage of a chair, and Jim rode him to the floor, straddling him, blasting short arm blows with a monotonous brutality at his head.

Mike twisted, almost on his face, and two rabbit blows slammed his head to the floor. He came up again, strain knotting heavy muscles. He came up, two hundred pounds of fighter on his back. And when he was on hands and feet, he went to one side, throwing Jim.

He whirled like a cat, diving forward, and a slamming knee hurled him to one side. He came up slower this time, shaking his head, crimson leaking from his mouth. One eye was almost closed.

Jim was no better off. His ear was torn, and the shirt was completely ripped from his back. Dark hair glistened on his chest, and ropy muscles knotted and coiled in his arms as he plunged at Mike.

Mike caught Jim's arm, pulling and twisting, and threw Jim fifteen feet. He hit the wall, sliding down, and a table overturned as he clawed for support. He came erect, but Mike was waiting. He threw one blow, and then Mike leaned in with his left. The bludgeoning fist lifted Jim back against the wall. A hurtling right pinned him there, blankness already in his eyes. He didn't feel the left which snapped his head sideways; and when Mike's right drilled in, he was already falling.

He lay in a crumpled heap, Mike Flynn towering over him like some gory giant, stained with battle, shaking his head to clear away the blackness.

"That's it!" Mike Flynn said, and leaned against the bar.

He coughed, and blood sprayed from his mashed lips. He caught up a half-filled mug of beer and pitched the liquid into his face. His bruised hand pawed at his eyes. And then he swung away, going toward the door. He walked on widespread feet, swaying. He saw me, and the flicker of a smile came to his dazed eyes.

"Sorry, Tommy," he said. "Understand?"

He was gone before I could answer.

■ The days went by. Mike Flynn was the visitor at the house now; Jim came by only now and then. The fight was never discussed, and when Mike and Jim met, they were coldly polite.

Molly seemed changed—how, I couldn't tell. She didn't talk about Jim or Mike to me, and I kept silent. I felt sorry for her. I liked both men, and I knew that one would marry her some day.

I didn't go into the tunnel again. I'd had enough; I knew how far my nerve went. Nothing could have driven me into that pressured hell where men were moles in a death-trap.

Tension came to the tunnel in those passing days. Trouble was at the face, marbly trouble laid by a glacier centuries before. The work was slower, as though the gangs felt their way.

And on the eighteenth day the siren screamed.

I remember crowding into the cage where I didn't belong and seeing Molly at my side. The siren shrieked its cry of death to the sky, and men were racing to the gantry.

"Blow!" somebody screamed. "The whole damned face is giving!"

The cage hit bottom, and we piled out. Molly was carrying the doc's instrument case, and the doc was white-faced, for he had seen what blows could do to men.

"We'll go in," he yelled to the lock tender, and the man slammed the lock in his face.

"Wait!" a hulking miner said. "Let 'em get out and then do your work."

An eternity passed, an age, where helplessness made each second horrible and dragging. I knew what was happening. The face had given. One man had made a mistake. He hadn't boarded and packed the face fast enough, and air had drilled an escape hole in the rubbly muck. Air had screamed and whooped maniacally, and fog had formed instantly from the lowering pressure. Oily muck, slimy and cold, had piled through the breach, spreading with breath-taking swiftness. Men had scrambled to fill the whirlpool in the face, throwing sacks of hay and boards and tools and scraps of metal, only to see them vanish with sickening speed, sucked into the maw of the earth, some to be vomited to the surface of the river minutes later.

The lock slammed open. Men piled out, mud-stained and terrified. They were brave, but something like this curled nerves until they broke. They piled out, one after the other, making room for the last three, who brought Jim Bishop.

"Give me room," the doc said.

Jim was unconscious, his right leg with an extra joint between knee and ankle. His hands were scraped raw and a bloody bruise covered one side of his face.

"Is he—" Molly began, and the doc shook his head.

"He'll be all right," he said. "Fractured leg, shock, and maybe internal injuries. Let's get him to the pressure caisson." He looked around. "That goes for the rest of you. Get to the caisson and take decompression."

"It was hell!" a miner was saying at my back. "My God, I looked up and the face was vanishing like dust in a wind. Bishop was trying to stop it, feeding it everything. It caught the Wop, sucked him out of sight so fast I didn't really know he was gone. Bishop tried to save him, and the suction caught him. He was going too, when Flynn pulled him free. After that, the rest of us brought him out."

It was then that Jim Bishop opened his eyes. "Flynn?" he whispered. "Get Flynn!"

"Oh, my God!" Molly whispered at my side. And I knew then what had seemed wrong about everything.

Mike Flynn was in the tunnel.

"Oh, Tommy!" Molly whispered brokenly.

■ I hit the lock tender. I meant to push him, but my hand was a fist, and I knocked him to one side. I slammed the lock behind me, dogging it, and then my fingers were on the air valve. I acted without thought, spurred by Molly's cry.

Air bellowed into the lock, and it came so fast and so hard, I was instantly sick. I dropped to the bench, vomiting, and when I looked up out of blurred eyes, the gauge needle was at thirty-five. I undogged the inner lock, and it came open violently, for the pressure in the tunnel was a great deal lower.

My foot splashed into muck.

I felt the fear then, paralyzing, cramping. I knew, then, I had no business being there; this was a job for seasoned sand hogs. I tugged at the lock, pulling it shut. Muck was on the caisson floor, spreading oilily. I shivered, and I think I prayed.

I went into the tunnel. I went into the foggy blindness, fighting back hysteria, knowing Mike Flynn had to have his chance. I could barely see; the light bulbs were tiny yellow dots in the fog. Air screamed and bellowed with two voices, one crying at the ruptured face of the tunnel, the other yelling through the feeder pipes.

I fell, floundering for life, sandy grit in my eyes and nose and mouth. I went ahead, almost lost, brushing against the tunnel sides. Air spun past me, rushing hurricane-like toward the breach.

Then I found Mike Flynn.

He was pinned beneath an overturned muck car, head and shoulders barely out of the muck. He could get no leverage, and the wet sand was crawling toward his face.

When he saw me, he smiled.

"What kept you so long, Tommy?" he asked.

He fainted then, and would have drowned if I hadn't held him up. I braced him with one leg, reaching into the muck, searching out the reason he was wedged. My hand caught a shovel, and using it for a lever, I managed to turn the car a bit. Then I dragged Mike free.

I don't remember that trip to the bulkhead. Voices screamed inside my head, and Mike was a dead weight. I slipped and stumbled and fell, but somehow I managed to keep going. I was afraid, but I had no time for fear.

I found the bulkhead, the lights from the lock shining mistily through the crowding fog. I was on my hands and knees then, Mike Flynn on my back. With the last of my strength, I shoved him into the lock and pushed the door closed. I had to clear muck away before I could dog it shut. There were four inches of river mud in the man lock. Then I bled the air, ignoring the danger of fast decompression. The last thing I remember was undogging the outer lock and feeling reaching hands catch at me.

■ The hospital was quiet. Three days had passed since the blow, and I was O.K. again, scratched here and there. I'd walked down right after supper to see Mike and Jim.

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WHAT THE...!
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THAT'S THE WAY THE SCENE WAS SUPPOSED TO END
THIS BEATS FISHING. SHE'S LOVELY
CUT!
DINNER WITH YOU? SOUNDS SWELL. MIND IF I STOP AT MY CAMP AND CLEAN UP?
WHY BOTHER? YOU CAN DO THAT AT OUR HOTEL
MAY I BORROW A RAZOR?
SURE
SAY! THIS IS THE SWEETEST-SHAVING BLADE I'VE EVER USED!
THIN GILLETTES ARE MIGHTY POPULAR WITH OUR GANG. THEY'RE PLENTY KEEN
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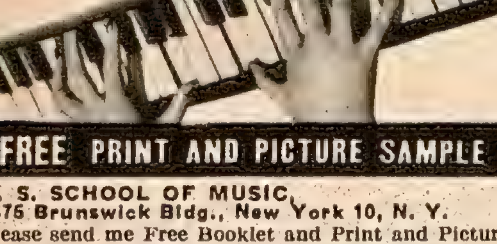

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"The Johnson award goes to you, Tommy," Mike Flynn said. "There'll be speeches, but I kinda wanted to tell you myself. Between the award and myself, I figure maybe you'll be a doc yet."

I wanted to bawl, but seeing I couldn't, I turned around. Jim Bishop was grinning from the second bed.

"Heard you went down the tunnel today," he said gently.

"It had to be done sooner or later," I said defensively.

"Oh, sure," Mike said. "Jim and I know that." He smiled. "How was it?"

"Oh, they're cleaning it up in great shape."

"I didn't mean that," Mike said.

I grinned. "Just a tunnel being cleaned up."

"Good boy!" Jim Bishop said.

Molly came in then. She smiled at me, and then stood for a moment at the foot of the beds.

"Enjoying yourselves?" she asked. "Imagine, two grown men loafing when there's work to be done!"

Mike Flynn laughed. "Imagine getting paid for taking it easy. This is my life from now on."

Jim was watching her, not speaking, and I saw what lay in his eyes. He knew he had lost, and he was being a good loser.

"Gimme a kiss, Molly," Mike said, and his voice was suddenly serious. "Today, of all days, I figure I rate one."

Molly was smiling as she bent to kiss him. His big hand came up and smoothed back her soft hair.

"That's it, huh?" he asked.

She nodded, and I saw Jim turn his head. Me, I was sore; this was dirty, doing it right in front of the guy.

"That's it, Mike," Molly said.

Mike laughed softly. "Funny, how you can get answers just by kissing a girl. I always did say people talked too much."

Jim cleared his throat. "I'm not saying I like it, understand," he said, trying to be gruff. "But anyway, my congratulations."

"Why, thanks, Bishop," Mike Flynn said. "Somebody always has to lose, I always say."

"Jim—" Molly began.

"Better give him a kiss, Molly; he went through a lot to get it," Mike said.

I was angry and hurt. Molly wasn't playing fair. After all, Jim was in love with her. I watched while she bent over and kissed Jim's mouth. I saw his clenched hands tighten and then relax, and then they were coming up and holding her as though they would never let go.

"You see, Tommy, you see what I mean? A kiss tells everything!" Mike said softly.

I think his eyes were clouded for a moment as he watched. But they were smiling and wicked and devil-may-care when he looked at me.

"Go get the nurse, Tommy," he said, "the redheaded one. I want my temperature taken. I'm fragile and I need constant nursing."

We were laughing then, the four of us, and the laughter was soft and intimate and friendly. This was the end of something old and the beginning of something new. We liked it this way, and somehow, we sensed it would never change. ■ ■

FOR A LADY'S HONOR

Continued from Page 17

"Dependin', o' course, on the sum she is willin' to pay for the return o' her possessions," Jock added.

"I have been authorized to pay five hundred pounds," said Pinckney.

"Six hundred wad be better."

"Six hundred it is, then," Pinckney agreed. "Payable on delivery. But remember, this must forever remain our secret."

"Never fear, dear Aramis"—Tim drained the bottle. "Athos and I will not fail you. I am Porthos. Landlord—another bottle!"

Oska stopped snoring and managed to awaken more quickly than before. This was probably due to the fact that he had not been asleep.

■ Next morning Trader Tim was pleasantly surprised to find himself aboard his ship, the Princess Palua. Jock McWhirtle was shaving.

As he crawled from the bunk, Gay Pinckney strode into the cabin.

"To horse, fellow musketeers!" cried Pinckney. "You must be off if you intend to reach Bekona by nightfall. Your steed waits without."

Tim looked out the porthole and saw a jeep parked on the dock. "Is that the steed?" he asked.

"I rented it from the Whan Brothers garage," said Pinckney. "Listen carefully while I brief you. I have found that Van Hoogen is staying at the Bekona Hotel. He carries the diamond on his person in a red-leather case. The letters are in a large wallet sewed in the lining of his coat. Since the letters are very intimate, I must trust you not to open the wallet."

"Ye're na goin' wi' us?" said Jock.

"Impossible," said Pinckney. "Van Hoogen knows of my connection with Lady Mountjoy. He would suspect something the instant he saw the three of us together."

"Ye'll ha'e the money ready?"

"Cash on delivery," Pinckney assured him. "Send me a telegraph message as soon as you recover the stolen property. Word it discreetly, letting me know when you'll return. Don't use my name; address it to the Rukuruku Times. When you arrive in town, meet me at the Imperial Hotel. Is that clear?"

"You command, we follow." Tim clicked his heels and saluted.

Having spent most of his life at sea, Trader Tim was not too familiar with the intricacies of the yellow jeep, but he managed to drive out of town without a casualty.

The sun was sizzling into the ocean by the time they reached Bekona. They dined at Wan Tee's restaurant, then strolled into the barroom of the Bekona Hotel.

"He's here!" Jock jabbed an elbow into Tim's ribs.

Tim followed his gaze to the far end of the bar. Van Hoogen was sitting there alone, hoisting a beaker of beer with both hands. He was built something on the order of the Rukuruku Government Building, low and sprawling with a sizable rotunda.

"He does na appear to be the romantical type," said Jock.

"Appearance means nothing. Do I look romantic?"

"Weel—ye ha'e a certain lunatic gleam in yer eye."

"We must think of a way to get that diamond," said Tim.

"Pairhops a few drops o' invigoratin' whisky wad help ye," Jock suggested. He ordered a bottle.

Tim sat beside him, drinking and thinking. Finally he said, "I am convinced that psychology is a wonderful thing. I believe in applying it wherever possible."

"If psychology consists o' tellin' monstrous lies in order to reduce upstandin' citizens like mysel' to a state o' poverty—ye're the finest psychologer east o' Siam. Ne'ertheless, I doubt if yer glib tongue will ha'e much effect on Van Hoogen."

"I shall try to make him see the error of his ways," said Tim. "I have a plan—"

■ Van Hoogen had just finished his third beer when Jock approached him. "Guid evenin'," said Jock politely. "I believe I ha'e met ye somewheres before."

The man glowered at him silently.

"I understand ye are noo in the pearling trade. I ha'e a friend wi' me who is interested in pearls."

"*Ja?*" Van Hoogen drank some beer. He seemed disinterested.

"Mr. McWhirtle"—Tim walked up importantly—"I think we had better get out of this foul den if we expect to meet Captain Quincy at nine. The captain said he had a fine collection of pearls for me, you know."

"Pearls is id you vant?" Van Hoogen shoved out his lower lip.

Jock pulled out a big gold watch. "Losh, man," he said to Tim, "I entirely forgot aboot yer appointment wi' Quincy."

Van Hoogen lifted Jock out of the way. "If id is pearls you vant, pearls I got," he told Tim. "Der pest."

He reached for an inside pocket and pulled out a flat box. It contained about twenty pearls cushioned in black velvet.

Tim inspected them casually. "I think we can do business," he said. "I have been commissioned by the Gaekwar of Baroda to buy some pearls. These seem suitable."

"You vill take them all?"

"Of course," nodded Tim. "I'll be glad when this pearl buying is over. I much prefer to deal in diamonds."

"You vant diamonds also?"

"The Gaekwar loves diamonds—but they must be perfect stones."

"Come—I show you someding." Van Hoogen pocketed the pearls and led Tim to a curtained booth at one side of the room. Jock followed.

"Now," Van Hoogen drew the curtains together, "I show you der finest diamond you ever seen!" He reached into another inside pocket and produced a small red-leather box.

Tim's eyes bulged a little when the box was opened. The stone shimmered and glistened like white fire.

"Wow!" said Jock. "How the Gaekwar wad enjoy this one!"

"Mr. Van Hoogen," said Tim gravely, "are you certain you obtained this diamond honorably?"

"*Ja.* Id was smuggled from a mine in Africa. But I paid for id."

"I happen to know better," said Tim. "But I will give you a chance to escape the punishment you deserve. Give the diamond to me, and I will return it to its rightful owner."

■ Van Hoogen snatched the box quickly. "You talk foolish!"

"You could at least have pity on that poor woman," said Tim.

"Vot vooman?"

"Lady Mountjoy, o' course," said Jock. "Fegs—what a poisonous auld serpent ye are!"

"You talk crazy!" Van Hoogen grabbed an automatic pistol from a shoulder holster.

Jock reached for the bottle, but before he could swing it, Trader Tim had planted his fist on the bulge of Van Hoogen's jaw.

Van Hoogen sank back with a perplexed expression. Tim removed the gun from his grasp and tapped him on the top of the head with it.

Jock pulled the curtains a bit tighter. "Verra interestin'," he said. "Ye omitted to tell me that psychology can be applied wi' a blunt instrument."

"Shut up," said Tim. "See if he has that wallet in his coat lining."

Van Hoogen's coat lining contained three pockets on each side and each pocket contained a flat box. Jock opened one and discovered a dozen large pearls and some star sapphires. "Och!" he exclaimed. "The blasted burglar is loaded wi' jewelry!"

"Put them back," ordered Tim. "We'll take only what rightfully belongs to Lady Mountjoy."

Jock sighed and exchanged the box for the red-leather case containing the diamond. Next, he ripped the coat lining with a pocketknife and withdrew a large leather wallet locked with a brass clasp.

"That's it," said Tim. "Don't pry it open, you bounder! We promised

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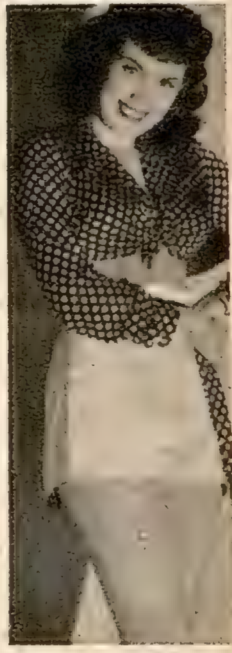

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Pinckney not to read the letters."

"Verra weel!" Jock pocketed the two objects, picked up his bottle, and climbed out a small window above the table. Tim managed to wriggle through after him. They scooted around the hotel, jumped into the jeep and headed down Queen's Road to the telegraph office.

It took Tim about five seconds to scribble a message and shove it at the clerk. He wrote:

OPERATION MUSKETEER SUCCESSFUL
PORTHOS

A torrent of tropical rain belted the jeep as Tim urged it through the Korombamba jungle.

"We did it, Athos, my fine bucko! By morning we'll be six hundred pounds richer—with the wide blue sea before us and our ship tied to a star!"

"I dinna intend to let ye get yer hands on that money an' invest it in another straight flush," said Jock firmly.

"I am a changed man," Tim assured him. "My heart burns to see my little pixie flower of the Samoas, Elvira Oneata."

"We are headin' west to New Guinea. When I agreed to become yer partner, I didna plan to invest my money in pixie flowers."

"As master of my ship, I shall decide the course!"

"Then ye'll sail wi'oot a cargo. I ha'e the diamond in my pocket, an' I intend to collect the money from Pinckney mysel'."

"That," said Tim, "is your opinion—"

The jeep suddenly slid around in the mud. Jock hung on as best he could. But the next thing he knew, he was sitting in a large pool of water near the front wheel.

"Jocko — easy, my lad! You're hurt!" Tim lifted him by the armpits, then let him plop back into the mud again. Then Tim swung aboard the jeep and sped down the road. Jock looked around bewilderedly. He felt in his pocket. The diamond and the wallet were gone. All he could see was the taillight of the jeep bouncing down the mountain.

"Ye robber! Ye blasted robber!"

The purring engine became fainter, and soon Jock could hear only the crash of rain in the jungle.

■ After slipping and sliding through the darkness for about an hour, Jock discovered a native village just off the road. He stayed there overnight.

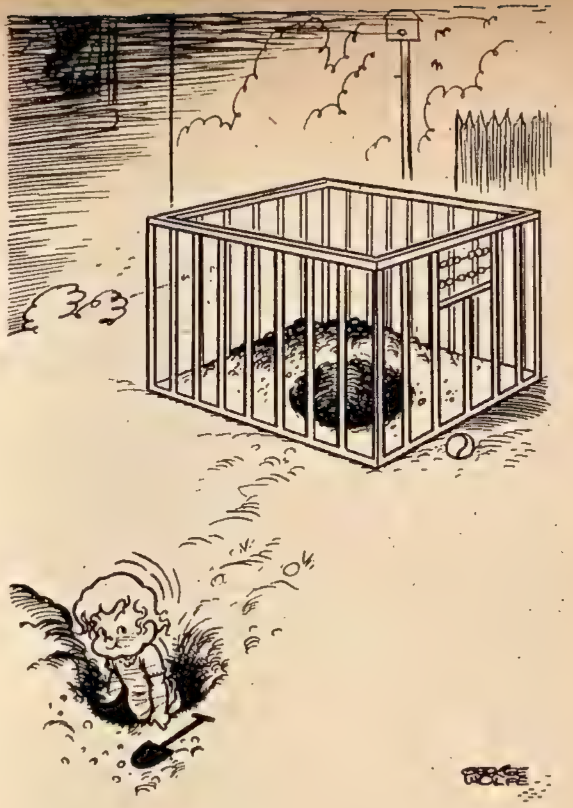
Next morning the sun was out, and he managed to catch a ride on a charabanc loaded with Indians bound for the cane fields. It was late afternoon when the charabanc stopped at its destination, a small settlement three miles north of Rukuruku town. Jock proceeded on foot with homicide in his heart. He trudged past the cemetery, crossed Nambula Creek, and was nearing the crenelated walls of His Majesty's jail when he heard a familiar voice:

"Jock! Jocko, old boy!"

The voice came from a small window on the lower floor of the jail. Jock saw a shaggy blond head on the other side of the bars.

"Weel, noo—if it isna my auld friend Porthos!"

"Believe me," Tim said, "this is no joking matter."



"I realized that when ye tossed me oot o' the jeep an' wantonly picked my pocket."

"I wouldn't have sailed without you, Jocko, old pal. Listen. Why do you think I am behind these bars?"

"Ye probably assaulted some other puir unfortunate person who was foolish enough to trust ye."

"Do you know what we did last night?" Tim's voice was solemn. "We robbed Van Hoogen of two thousand pounds in cash and a diamond worth three thousand!"

"Robbed him, ye say? But what aboot Lady Mountjoy?"

"She never heard of Van Hoogen. The whole thing was a scheme of Pinckney's to rob Van Hoogen by proxy. The wallet we thought contained love letters was full of currency!"

"An' ye gave it to Pinckney?"

Tim nodded. "I met him this morning at the Imperial Hotel, and he paid me the six hundred pounds. About an hour later the police arrested me and confiscated the money. The Bekona constable telegraphed them about the theft."

"Why did ye na tell 'em about Pinckney?"

"I did, but they wouldn't believe me. That Pinckney is a clever dog. There is no evidence of any kind to connect him with the robbery. He didn't even rent the jeep. It was stolen from a coconut planter in Navua."

"Ha'e the police questioned him?"

"They can't find him. He's disappeared. The police are looking for you too, Jocko. Unless you locate Pinckney at once, we shall both spend the best years of our lives in status quo. You *must* find him. This is a most unpleasant jail."

■ Jock stayed away from town until it was dark. Then he made for Oska's saloon and crept to the bar.

"Oska," he said, "ha'e ye seen Gay Pinckney?"

Oska shrugged. "Not since yesterday."

"D'ye ken where he might o' gone?"

"No. Captain Nordquist was with him. They said something about going some place tonight."

"Nordquist, ye say? Bully Nordquist, the dope smuggler?"

Oska nodded.

Jock left immediately. He walked the length of King's Wharf without seeing anything that looked like Nordquist's ship. Trader Tim's ship was near by, so Jock climbed aboard to get out of the rain. He noticed a light burning in Tim's cabin. He walked in and was considerably startled to see Gay Pinckney lying in Tim's bunk, strumming on Tim's three-string mandolin.

Across the room, guzzling Tim's best whisky, stood Captain Bully Nordquist.

Nordquist took a revolver from his pocket and pointed it at Jock's head.

"Sit down," he said. "Anybody with you?"

"Aye," nodded Jock. "I ha'e six constables waitin' on the dock wi' sawed-off shotguns."

Pinckney went outside for a look. "Nobody there," he said. "It's my guess that Simple McSimon stumbled in quite by accident."

"My name isna McSimon," Jock retorted. "An' what are ye doin' aboard my partner's ship?"

"Captain Nordquist wrecked his ship on a reef," said Pinckney. "So he bought the Princess Palua from Tim Mulrooney. He has a signed paper transferring ownership."

"Tim didna sign such a paper!"

"Forging a signature is one of my specialties," smiled Pinckney.

"Ye're a thief an' a pirate—the both o' ye!" cried Jock. "What ha'e ye done wi' Van Hoogen's diamond?"

"We intend to dispose of it in the Orient," Pinckney said coolly.

Jock's small eyes twinkled. "What aboot the pearls an' sapphires? What did ye do wi' the five boxes o' pearls an' sapphires we brocht ye?"

"Pearls?" Nordquist looked at Pinckney suspiciously. "You didn't tell me about any pearls or sapphires."

"Of course not," snapped Pinckney. "There weren't any!"

"If you're holdin' out on me, I'll—" He shook his left fist at Pinckney.

Jock picked up a chair and broke it forthwith over Nordquist's head.

Nordquist wilted to the floor. Pinckney ran for the door, but before he could make it Jock tackled him around the ankles.

"Gi'e me the diamond an' the money," demanded Jock. "Gi'e it to me or I'll strongle ye wi' my bare fists!"

"Under—the ticking—" Gay spoke with some difficulty, owing to the fact that Jock's bony fingers were wrapped around his windpipe.

"Ah-ha!" Jock lifted the mattress of Tim's bunk and pulled out the wallet and the red-leather case. "I thank you kindly!"

As he hurried from the cabin, he bumped into Constable A. R. Wanga. The constable placed a heavy hand upon his shoulder and said, "Mr. McWhirtle—you are under arrest!"

■ Facing the barred door, Jock could see Trader Jim Mulrooney staring at him sullenly from the cell across the corridor.

"So you failed," said Tim. "Failed me in my hour of need."

"Ye blasted coof! I recovered all o' Van Hoogen's valuables—after a hand-to-hand battle wi' Pinckney an' Bully Nordquist. They were plannin' to steal yer ship an' share the loot."

"Steal my ship!" Tim bared his teeth. "What happened?"

"As I was makin' off wi' the diamond, I ran into Constable Wanga. Wanga arrested *me* instead of them!"

Tim paced the floor, then turned to Jock morosely. "We must face the facts," he said. "We can't prove a thing on Pinckney, or Nordquist either. With good luck, we may get out of here in ten years."

Jock shuddered.

"Each night I shall dream of the gay Samoan hills," said Tim. "I shall dream of the beautiful Elvira Oneata—"

"An' I intend to ask for a different cell," Jock interrupted. "I couldna endure yer glunsh philosophizin' for the next decade."

A door opened, and Jock saw the chief of police coming down the corridor, accompanied by a portly gentleman with a swooping mustache.

"Ha," said Tim. "Who's the old bloke?"

"Shoosh!" Jock's eyebrows waggled. "'Tis Sir Alfred Mountjoy—the governor!"

■ Sir Alfred paused in front of Jock's cell. He then turned to Trader Tim and looked him up and down.

"Well, well," he said, "I suppose you are Athos?"

Tim's despondency lightened into a grin. "No, Your Excellency," he said. "I am Porthos. Athos is that wretched little chap yonder."

"I am happy to meet you, my brave musketeers," said the governor affably. "Your gallant efforts to protect my wife's good name were commendable — though somewhat lacking in judgment."

"Commendable, ye say?" gulped Jock. "Who told ye aboot it?"

"I learned the facts from Oska the publican. He overheard the conversation between you and Pinckney—and it was fortunate for you gentlemen that he did. Otherwise there might have been a serious miscarriage of justice."

"Guid auld Oska," said Jock. "An' I thocht it was he who sent Constable Wanga to arrest me."

"He did tell Wanga he had seen you heading across the wharf," declared the chief of police. "But as soon as Oska heard about the charges against you, he came to the police station and told us the story."

"Pinckney and Nordquist are now under arrest," added Sir Alfred. "I must say that Pinckney had it planned ingeniously. But what ever made you think that my wife would have anything to do with a brute like Klaus Van Hoogen?"

"We didn't realize at the time that Your Excellency was such a fine gentleman," said Tim smoothly.

Sir Alfred chuckled. "I think we

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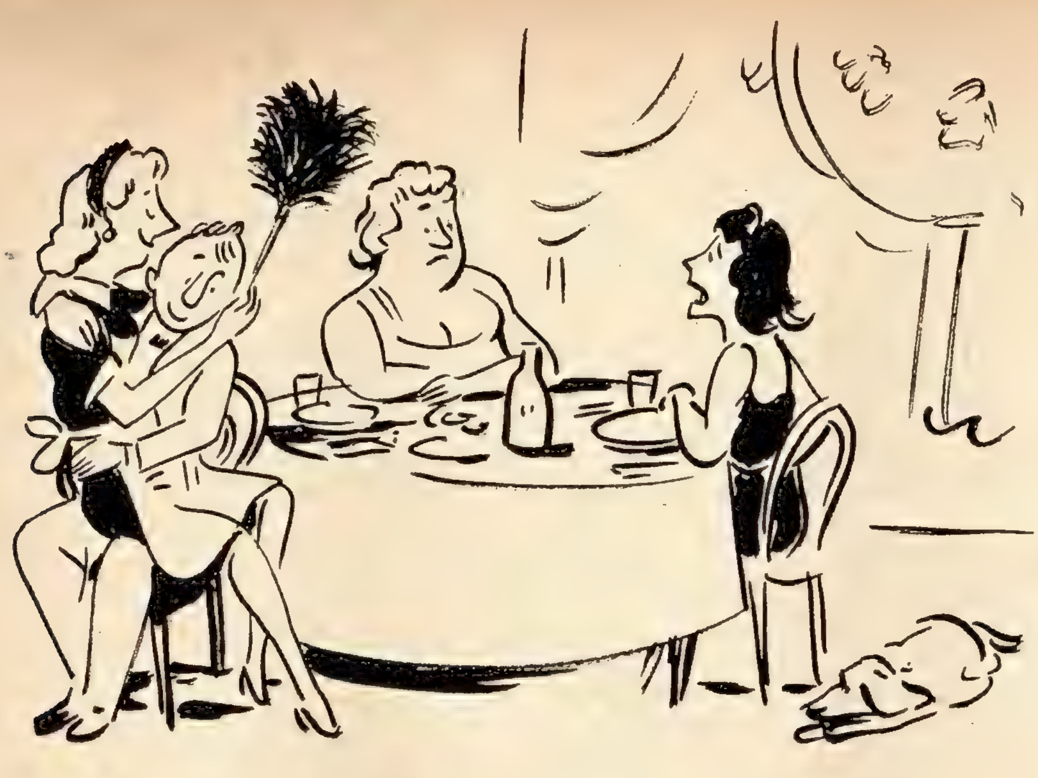

"I'd die before I let him know I was jealous!"

can release them," he said. "And I see no reason why they shouldn't keep the six hundred pounds Pinckney paid them for their work. The money came out of his pocket."

"A verra noble gentleman," purred Jock. "A true knight o' the realm!"

■ A cool night breeze was blowing in from the sea as Jock and Tim strolled past the copra sheds to the wharf. "Jocko," said Tim thoughtfully, "I am convinced that you are right. We'll go to New Guinea."

"What makes ye think I wad sail any place wi' ye—after the frightful manner in which ye abandoned me in the jungle?"

"But you know how impulsive I am."

"Weel—" Jock came to the end of the wharf. "I will gi'e ye one more chance. After we ha'e purchased the cargo, we can set oot for Samoa—"

"Samoa?"

"Aye. I ha'e been thinkin' o' the roast pig an' taro tops an' the beautiful lassies wi' gazelle eyes."

Trader Tim thumped him on the back heartily. "Jocko, old top—in spite of your desiccated appearance, the flame of romance still gutters in your bosom. If I had known that, I would never have dumped you in the road. Come along. It's been a long time between drinks."

"How true," agreed Jock. "An' I insist that ye ha'e the first one on me."

He thereupon lowered his head and butted Tim squarely amidships. Tim staggered backward, tripped over the raised timber at the edge of the wharf, and plunged into the star-studded water of Rukuruku Bay. There was a tremendous amount of spluttering and thrashing.

"Ye'll forgi'e me for bein' so impulsive," said Jock. "I wad advise ye to swim ashore before the authorities charge ye for dock space."

He adjusted his cap to a jaunty angle and headed in the direction of Oska's, whistling God Save the King. ■ ■

THE TRAIN

Continued from Page 13

all deep blue and chromium and drifting cigarette smoke and frosted glasses of drinks and passengers idling the miles away. Framed by the heavy glass of the windows, several passengers looked out with more than a quick glance.

■ Paul Vandeventer had just finished writing a letter, and the steward was taking down the folding table. He had asked Lola for a divorce. Lola wouldn't mind. He could give her the house and the summer place and a good income. She would hardly notice it, he thought, for he had been home so little the past year.

The feeling he had for Joyce was just like a prairie fire in the days of his childhood. It had to burn day and night. He had had no idea of divorce at first, when Joyce was just like a glow on the summer horizon. But Joyce had. Joyce had made it plain, lately, that she wanted more than hidden meetings and emerald earrings. "I am not going on sharing you," she said in her light voice. "I've played long enough, baby."

Joyce was wonderful. Gay. Beautiful as a magazine illustration. Smooth. And nobody had ever called Paul baby before. Joyce was young, but she had been married before, so she wasn't inexperienced. And yet, until today, something held him back. Was it only twenty years of marriage making a pattern too rigid?

But last night he had gone with Joyce to a studio party and gone home with her in the drawn gray light of morning, and suddenly he couldn't say good-by. He had said, "Come with me. I've got a drawing room on the Silver Crescent."

Joyce lifted her eyelashes and said, "Where does that get me, baby?"

So the letter was written, and as the train slowed for Burkesville, Paul folded it. But his hands felt stiff and awkward.

Now he looked out at the bleak mustard station. He saw the long sweep of the valley, the single block which was Main Street, an old sagging horse pulling a farm wagon.

He saw Dick Bennett with his army pants and army shoes and pulled green sweater and look of angry pride. One of those unrehabilitated veterans, thought Paul. He could spot them anywhere.

He saw Annie, the cat, and a bone-munching dog, and because he had once been a village boy, he felt a sudden terrible sickness for living hard and weary and plain.

Then he saw Jeannie, a young girl with a cherry-colored sweater and sailing-blue denim slacks, with gold-brown hair and wide steady eyes. Hands in pockets, moccasins turned slightly in, mouth without lipstick, lashes without mascara. And a look on her face of youth and hope and honesty and excitement. Terrific excitement—because a train was coming in, a streamlined elegant train.

So young and clear-eyed in the sharp spring sun, and standing so slim and proud on the rotting old platform. Paul pressed his face close to the cold glass and stared.

She was just about as old as his daughter would have been if she had lived. Just about. He and Lola would be worrying about beaus and parties and prospects, sharing all the trouble and glory of having a daughter as they had shared the death of the baby.

Yes, they had shared that. Years ago.

Jeannie saw Paul gazing at her, and involuntarily she smiled. For it was a kind face, troubled, tired, and yet somehow eager. She would always remember this man's face; it was the kind of face she would have liked in a father. She thought, fleetingly, how nice to have a father!

Paul would have said he was not a sentimental man. But he had not made all his money by cutting coupons: he observed closely, he watched reactions. He translated detail into large conclusions.

Except for the fever Joyce made in his bones, he was a considered, reasoning man, and now he saw at once that this moment was a detail much larger than anything else in his life. A little town, little people, thought Paul, and the face of a girl that evoked the lost years so suddenly.

■ Just behind Paul a woman snuffed out her cigarette and tapped the holder lightly against a firm thumb. She had made her decision about fifty miles back and now was trying to relax over a glass of dry sherry. The board meeting was tomorrow and she would be prepared to make her recommendation. It was just, it was the right thing to do, thought Margaret Kingsley. Times were lax, but she was not. She kept her gray hair perfectly waved and her figure perfectly rigid in a long affair the salesgirl called "a foundation garment."

As the head of an expensive and fashionable school for young women, Margaret led a busy and useful life. She knew she was an excellent executive, and if the girls did not exactly love her, they did respect her, which on the whole was more healthy. She didn't want them hanging around her office, sending her presents, and getting crushes on her.

They were too fond of Anthea Gregory, the young French teacher, and that was the real reason she was dismissing—through the board, of course—Anthea Gregory, late of some little razed village in Europe. Anthea's mother was French, her father English, and somehow somebody had helped Anthea to get out and away and over to America, into St. Elizabeth's cloistered security. There her quiet delicate face, her sudden flashes of wit, her very foreignness had captivated the girls.

She was a disrupting influence. She seemed to feel that the school existed to make the students happy, just in case the world came to an end next Monday afternoon.

She constantly interfered with rules, eased discipline, defended culprits. And she had a way of looking at Margaret and saying softly, "But what, after all, shall we live for?"

"We live," said Margaret sternly, "to do our duty as educators and send out graduates that St. Elizabeth's may be proud of."

"It sounds so sad," said Anthea.

■ And then she was caught helping one of the seniors to get in the dormitory at three in the morning. There were, she said, extenuating circumstances. The girl's whole life depended on seeing the boy before he sailed for Japan. The rules were not so important as the lives of those two, said Anthea. The girl was ready to graduate, she had a fine record, and this was an emergency.

And so Anthea was going to lose her job. Losing it without recommendation would be hard on her. In fact, she might never get another good position, for there were so many refugees with more degrees. But she should have considered all that before, thought Margaret.

You cannot run a school by sentiment, she decided. So her mind was made up, the conflict over. The senior should be expelled, the teacher asked to resign. That was justice.

Margaret had reasoned it out over the week-end and she was all ready to speak to the board. She had made a few notes on small slips of paper in her purse.

Then the train slowed down so markedly that she raised her head and looked out. The train was slowing to a glide, there was a squat little station and a tilted sign fading the letters of BURKESVILLE into the background.

She thought, How dreadful to live in a place like this! No art, no music, no culture, nothing!

Then Jeannie's eyes met hers, the soft brown looking directly at the ice blue. And Margaret drew back, suddenly pale and with a pulse shaking her wrist. Then she steadied herself and looked again, and it was so. This was the only human being she had ever loved, this young slender girl with the breath of the engine stirring her gold-brown hair and a drift of dust on her cherry-red sweater.

The girl's mouth had that look of wonder, excitement, and innocence. Her eyes were deep and dreaming. And she stood proudly in the full sun.

Margaret steadied herself. This was only a girl who had the same look Phyllis had. I am unnerved by the struggle over Anthea, she told herself.

For I am fifty-two, said Margaret, and Phyllis was only a year younger than I. And fearing the girl on the platform had seen her shock, she managed a stiff tight smile. Jeannie smiled back warmly, and Margaret's heart turned over as it had stopped turning when she lost Phyllis, her only, her dear friend.

Her thoughts went back to that summer they had spent on the beach, while their parents rocked on the cottage porches. They dreamed, they read poetry, they talked about capital-letter LIFE. When she looked at Phyllis, Margaret's heart was happy, for the essential loneliness of her spirit was destroyed. It was all young and sweet with summer and filled with dreams, and it was the only time she was ever close to anyone, with a quiet serene closeness.

For her mother was dead, and her stepmother hated her for being square-faced and awkward and too smart for her own good. Her father was a harried rabbity man, hardly conscious of her at all. But Phyllis was a golden being out of an old legend, and she loved her friend because she was generous and responsive and in love with life.

Their parting in the fall would never have made drama for a book. Phyllis gave Margaret her best wave-set combs and her worn copy of the Rubaiyát, and Margaret gave Phyllis a black notebook filled with her poems.

And the next summer Phyllis was engaged to a cadet from West Point and Margaret's family sold their cottage because her stepmother was bored with the lake people. "Besides, Margaret moons around," she said. "All that poetry reading with that silly Phyllis West!"

Margaret had forgotten all about it. But now she remembered. She remembered because a girl who looked like Phyllis stood on a station platform and watched the train roll by. She remembered and words began to take shape in her mind. What am I living for? If I had not lost Phyllis we would have gone on together and she would have made it possible for me to go dancing, to say the right things, to wear the right clothes, and finally, to marry a friend of the cadet. Now I should be wondering about my children, she thought wryly; worrying about the washing machine and the furnace.

Instead, I have always been in the backwater of life, where the tides do not move. I, too, was really young for one summer, like that girl in the old sweater.

How sad and tired that woman looks, Jeannie thought. And in her wonderful suit and with that blouse and those pearls! She must have everything, she must be rich. Why does she have that look when she has everything? Is it because she is old? It must be sad to be old.

But Jeannie would never be old. That was no part of her life.

■ The third window framed the face of a young man. He held an old-fashioned in his hand and was just popping the cherry in his mouth when he saw Jeannie. He choked and swallowed.

He was young and, if dive-bombing had not altered his face, would have looked dreamy. But war had

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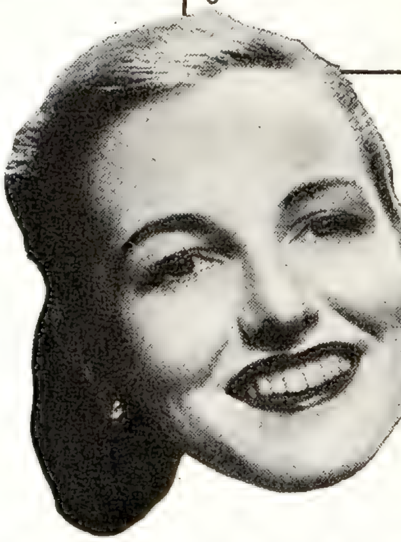

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sculptured shadows and planes on his youngness.

He was on his way to step into the family pattern, to propose to Gloria, sit behind the mahogany desk and pretend to know what the business was about. Everything seemed so futile, so dreary, that he really didn't care. The world was a mess.

Gloria was the match his family wanted him to make. She was a nice steady girl with no imagination, no vices, nothing to worry him with. So by tomorrow it would be settled.

He looked out now and saw Jeannie and Dick. All the sun in the world was on Jeannie, all the winds of spring blowing in her hair. There wasn't an ounce of artifice about her, or anything smooth and sophisticated. She was just naturally lovely and not noticing it. He looked at her, and her eyes looked back and widened. There was a quick shock of recognition, as if they knew each other intimately. The tiredness and bitterness ebbed from his face and the young look came back. He raised his hand in half salute, and Jeannie took hers from a sagging pocket and made a small gesture.

They couldn't even speak to each other, with all that steel and aluminum and leather and glass between them. Their eyes smiled and they drew long breaths.

Country village, little people, a girl on the platform. The young man put down his glass and the melting ice square made a plopping sound. That's the kind of girl for me, he said, almost out loud.

■ The Silver Crescent was gathering speed now, the wheels rotating faster and faster. There was no vibration inside the club car. Paul rang for the steward. In her apartment Joyce would be dressing for dinner, putting on all those things that jangled and glittered. Well, she wouldn't care too much if things were fixed up for her. He had never been really deceived except by himself.

Slowly he tore the letter up and let the pieces sift into the ash tray. The last bit fluttered down with the word "divorce" still clear and dark on its torn edge.

"I want to send a wire," he said crisply, "at the first stop." He gave the address. Lola would be surprised, for he had told her his business trip would take three days. The wire was short. "Home for dinner," he said. "Love, Paul."

Then he leaned back and stared out of the window.

■ From her seat Margaret leaned forward and said, "I wonder if you would tell me the correct time?"

"Certainly," said Paul, consulting his watch. "It's eight seconds and ten minutes past twelve."

Margaret set her own watch. She had forgotten to wind it. She stared down at the narrow digits. It was eight seconds and ten minutes past twelve and it was nearly spring and she was not sixteen and filled with hope.

I wonder, she thought, just what my life is for? Anthea made me wonder. That is the real reason I want—I want—her to go away. I didn't want to think, to wonder.

I can't change now. I can't go back down those years and try again. But perhaps I might encourage the girls to enjoy a little living on the side.

She took her notes for the board meeting from her purse, laid them in the coppery ash tray among the tipped cigarette butts, and held her lighter down and let them char into oblivion. She looked out at the breaking crests of the hills in the distance. Maybe she ought to spend her next vacation away from the city. She could read poetry again. If she had a companion she might even take a little cross-country trip. But she didn't know anyone else so alone as she was—oh yes, she did. She might ask Anthea to go with her.

Anthea was absolutely alone, her family and her lover dead, and no time to make friends in this country as yet. Suddenly Margaret had the strangest, lightest feeling.

Behind her, the young man was ringing, too, for another old-fashioned. He got up with it and went to the glassed-in observation platform. The track penciled out behind the train in two divergent lines which came closer and closer until they met in the farthest distance.

Maybe all things merged into one line if they were far enough away, he thought. What a face that girl at the station had! Or had he only read in it all he lacked?

He would remember the girl in the red sweater. Always he would remember the moment at which he finally came back into the world of the living.

He finished the drink, lit a cigarette, and watched the last dot that was Burkesville fuse with the sky itself. And he began to smile, because he himself was changing his whole opinion about life while a train slowed down for a place that wasn't even a whistle stop!

■ Jeannie saw the figure on the back platform of the train and knew it was the young man. There was something about his eyes and the way he smiled so quickly, and the thinness of his lifted hand holding the fat little glass.

Where were they all going? Who were they? All those passengers with their own lives and nobody else's. It was queer how three of them had looked out at her, as if they were going to say something. For an instant she had felt that she knew them, knew them very well, and how silly that was, when they were only people on a train.

Jeannie moved over to Dick. "Wasn't it wonderful?" she asked. "I don't think I ever felt so excited in my whole life."

He looked at her and a slow smile came into his eyes. He had never really looked at her before.

But the majesty and power of the great train had suddenly taken him up too; he had forgotten himself. And forgetting himself, his eyes looked outward, and he saw the fall of her gold-brown hair and the sweetness of her mouth.

He saw that the cherry-red sweater was worn and had been mended. He saw that her flat shoes were scuffed. She didn't have anything either; she was dependent on her aunt.

"It—it seemed like magic," breathed Jeannie. "I am so glad I happened to be down today when it went through. I never saw a train anything like it."

Dick moved over and looked at her. Glory still lingered in her eyes and on her lips.

"Maybe it didn't just happen," he said. "Maybe nothing ever just happens."

And looking at him, Jeannie knew what he meant. ■ ■

THE REAL CURE FOR OUR DIVORCE EPIDEMIC

Continued from Page 11

millions of Americans set up the life partnership of marriage with total strangers or casual acquaintances.

To view matrimony in a spirit of responsibility, it should be realized that there are three *equally* important "musts" for a happy and therefore stable marriage:

1. Sexual harmony.
2. Harmony of character, including temperament and ethics.
3. Similarity of intellectual level and general interests.

In the absence of any of these three factors the marriage may collapse.

Undoubtedly sex harmony is a very important factor. But it is by no means the most important. Moreover, if erotic appeal were the mainstay of matrimony, how could any husband and wife ever hope to enjoy the long years they are likely to spend together after the sex urge has waned?

We constantly hear people talk about being "in love." The fact is that to millions, regardless of age, being "in love" unconsciously but unmistakably means mere *sexual* attraction or infatuation. But neither infatuation nor attraction is love.

To a mentally adult person *real love* comes only after his or her feelings have grown from mere sexual interest into respect for the other person's character and into a feeling of lasting physical and spiritual companionship. Then how can you really be in love with someone you have met just once, or someone you have met even half a dozen times? It is of vital psychologic importance to debunk once and for all the foolish and misleading concepts of "instantaneous" and "near-instantaneous" love.

Actually, it is almost criminal folly to marry without knowing each other's character, including temperament and ethics. Only mental adults are able to evaluate other people's characters. *Mental* adulthood is attained neither by reaching the age of 21 nor through full physical development, but solely through experience. Consequently, under normal conditions no man under 25 or woman under 22 or 23 is mentally even approximately adult.

Latest scientific researches prove that the peak of the erotic urge comes in the late teens and around 20, not in the late twenties, as most people think. During those critical years in the late teens one's judgment is decisively influenced and blurred by the all-powerful sexual instinct. Therefore, by curbing their impatience to marry, our boys and girls will first mature *mentally* into men and women. Their resultant ability to weigh matrimony with poised judgment will increase their chances for a successful marriage a hundredfold.

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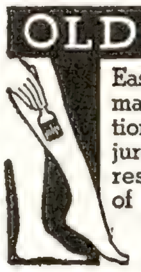

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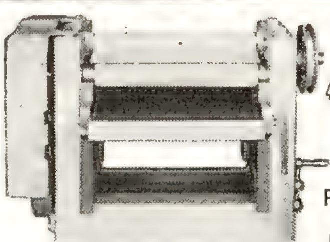

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Even so, regardless of either physical or mental maturity, couples should be acquainted for at least a year or two before deciding to marry. It is a basic and natural urge to be on one's best behavior during courtship. But what matters is how people act under the influence of a situation that threatens their interests. Is their reaction then vicious, brutal, antisocial? Or does the shock leave them calm, kindly, self-controlled, fair-minded? This is the gauge of a person's character, temperament and ethics. Therefore you need plenty of time to become acquainted with your boy or girl friend's inner disposition, including reactions to moral and mental stress. Only then can you really tell whether you have found the right lifetime companion and a desirable father or mother for your children.

Two years ago the 20-year-old son of one of my friends met a beautiful young girl at a party. After a courtship of no more than two months, they decided to get married. A week before the wedding, the girl, in a fit of unwarranted jealousy, shot and gravely wounded a young woman whom she saw walking through a public park in her fiancé's company. The marriage project was canceled. It is easy to imagine what kind of existence that boy would have led with an abnormally jealous wife.

Another pathetic case where whirlwind courtship proved fatal to happiness came to my notice last fall. The sister of one of my students, a girl of 19, met a boy of 22 at a summer resort. In the young people's view it was mutually a case of "love at first sight." Actually, as nearly always in such instances, it was merely mutual sexual attraction at first sight. They got married a week later without consulting their parents.

The results of this imbecile action of marrying a virtual stranger were prompt and dramatic. The boy's parents came to see the bride and informed her that their son was a kleptomaniac, a person given to stealing under an irresistible inner impulse. The boy had spent years under the care of psychiatrists, but his case was considered incurable.

The young bride's first reaction was to try to stick it out, in the hope that perhaps "love" would cure her husband. She soon found out that his case was hopeless. Moreover, she discovered that what she had believed to be "romantic love" was mere sexual attachment. To make things worse, she was expecting a baby. She got her divorce, but the shock of her disillusionment resulted in sexual frigidity, which ruined her second marriage. Now, twice a divorcee, she fears her son by her first marriage may have inherited his father's psychic affliction.

With a wide range of variations, thousands of whirlwind romances look like this when their initial glamor has worn off. Of course a brief courtship *can* result in a harmonious marriage.

■ Similarity of intellectual level and general interests is the third "must" for a successful marriage.

Once in a great while we come across instances where practically complete identity of the husband's and wife's intellectual levels is strikingly coupled with identity of their chief interests. The married life of Pierre and Marie Curie, famed discoverers of radium, was a shining example of such a union. Some years ago, during a visit with Mme. Curie in her laboratory in Paris' famous Radium Institute, I discussed a number of different subjects with her. It was truly uplifting to see how this remarkable woman, then long a widow, continued to draw strength and inspiration from her association with her equally great husband long after his death.

Obviously, it would be foolish to set up such an ideal marital union as that of the Curies as a general standard. But in listing the "musts" for a successful marriage, I spoke not of the identity of the spouses' intellectual levels and general interests, but merely of similarity between them. If the husband is ahead of his wife in intellectual or spiritual development, the atmosphere of their home still can be one of complete harmony and happiness, if the difference is not too glaring. Mutual esteem, selfless affection, tolerance for each other's interests and hobbies can do wonders. However, a marked difference in intellectual or spiritual development in the wife's favor will seldom, if ever, assure full marital harmony. A woman wants to look up to her husband.

For similar reasons it is risky for young people to marry someone of their own age. As every psychologist knows, the outlook of a girl 20 or 22 usually is much more mature than that of a boy of the same age. While this intellectual gap usually disappears in the late twenties, the crucial

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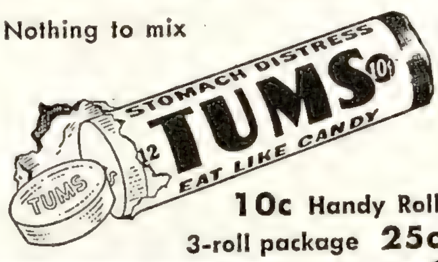

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period of matrimony lies in its first few years. During that formative stage of the marriage the husband should turn out to be not just the wife's lover but also her adviser and guide.

Therefore many marital unions will have a much better start if the husband is at least five or six years his wife's senior.

College and childhood sweethearts often are a fortunate exception to this rule because of the tremendous advantage of having known each other for years.

There is another angle to our American marriage problem that needs urgent nation-wide revision. It concerns our ideas on the proper time for parenthood. I have already emphasized that the first years of married life are matrimony's decisive phase. At the same time every intelligent person realizes the constructive effect that a serene and harmonious home atmosphere has on the formation of a child's character.

On the negative side of the picture, psychoanalysis has long shown that many human lives are shaken or ruined by disruptive emotional experiences of early childhood that survive in our unconscious.

Consequently it is a matter of great wisdom to avoid parenthood for a couple of years at least, until the marriage has happily survived its most crucial period. If this rule were widely observed, literally millions of American children might be spared a life of misery, or be protected from emotional influences that are liable to produce juvenile delinquency or criminality in adulthood.

■ Applied to your own problem, what I have said in this article will greatly increase your chances for success in matrimony and will go far toward making you immune to our divorce epidemic.

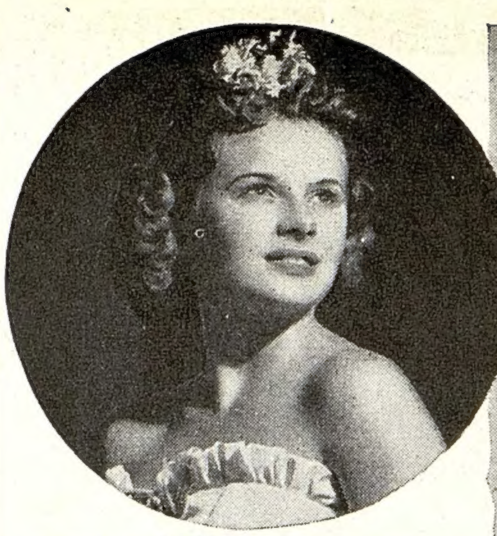
Finally, to meet our appalling divorce problem, a methodical mass drive is necessary. Its objective would be to promote among men and women throughout the country a mentally adult attitude toward marriage and its prerequisites.

Our educational associations, our social institutions – city, state, and federal–should popularize the right approach to matrimony through leaflets, lectures, the radio, meetings of educators, parent discussion panels, conferences between teachers and parents and between teachers and students. Leaders of all churches should take up the subject. Colleges, debating societies, fraternities, sororities, and other youth organizations also should discuss the right conditions for a stable marriage.

But before we can hope to liquidate our constantly growing divorce epidemic we must diagnose the case correctly. It must be realized with complete clarity that the situation is less due to a carefree approach to divorce than to our infantile concepts about matrimony and its prerequisites.

In other words, what the U. S. A. is actually facing today is not a national divorce problem but a national marriage problem!

When this is generally understood, America will come of age in one of the most vital aspects of its existence. ■ ■



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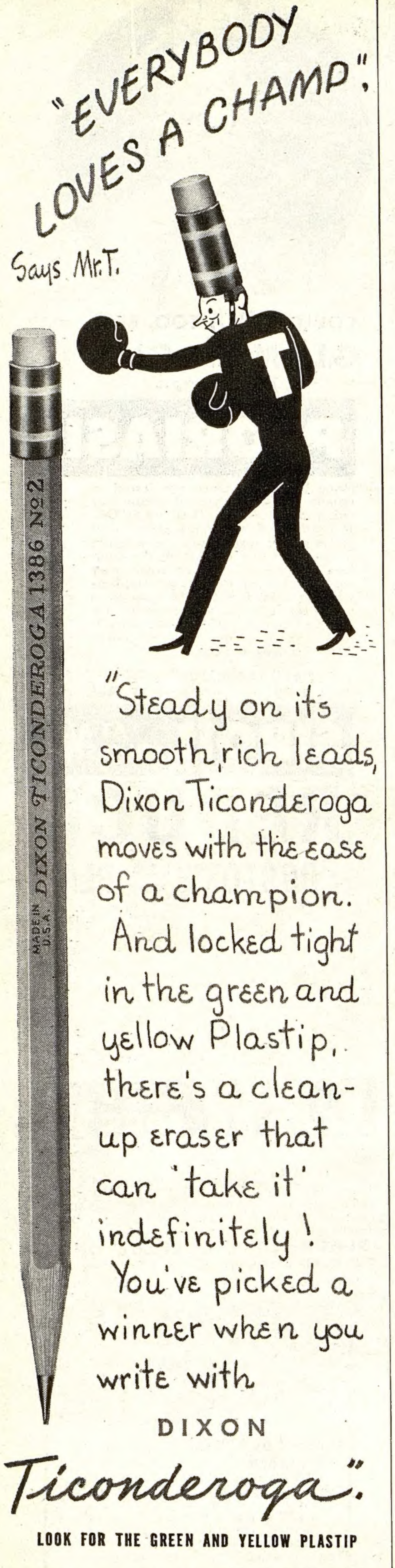
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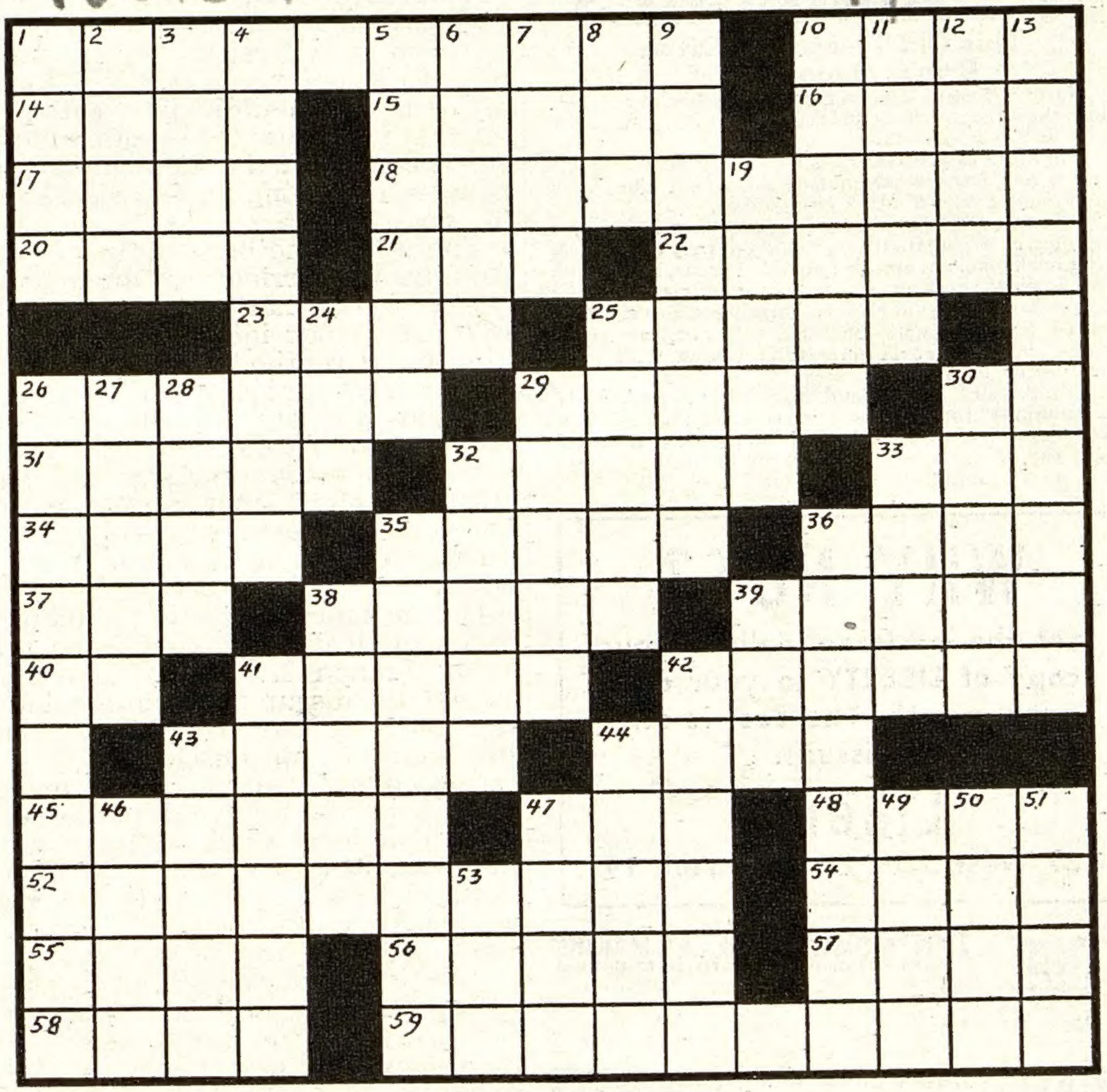


HORIZONTAL

1 Peryod when Ye Young Manne's Thoughtyes Turn to What Ye Young Womanne Hath Been Thynkyng of All Wynter
10 "Toupee or not toupee?" is Old Baldy's question
14 Flying screwball
15 No place to get hot pants in
16 Drah gniht ot od eseht syad
17 Russia seems to be the oily boid here
18 With their educated feet, they can knock out a living any day (two words)
20 Llama Llima Lland
21 Masculinely possessive
22 It'll take you out of this world (see medium, rare)
23 What hossplayers never seem to get
25 They have a whey with them
26 Oriental air-conditioning system
29 Better not duck it if you want to make a hit with the Yankees
30 ½¢
31 Wot Paul Revere did to hoffset the British (Wore 'em hout, too) (two words)
32 It takes injunuity to build one
33 Toupees Hide Ivory (abbr.)
34 Bum fiddler, played without Petrillo's permission
35 He was Godounoff for Rashia, he's Godounoff for me
36 Great favorite in the European uproar
37 Irregular rotary member
38 What my boy sure did in the navy!
39 Mare's nest
40 Elevator Shoes (abbr.)
41 Openings on American farms
42 What the Soul of the Confused Hero always does in Great Novels
43 Hotel lawyers like to stay at
44 Uoy evah a tniop ereh
45 Characterized by idleness
47 Very active member of the chorus
48 What Stalin ain't in Kansas
52 It's nothing but a big squirt (two words)
54 It's a 48 Hor. in India
55 Spun yarn
56 Oldest bald-headed American flyer
57 Home of the Adamses
58 Spangle on dark night dress (divine, isn't it?)
59 Saharan lilt, made a big hit in the '20's (two words)

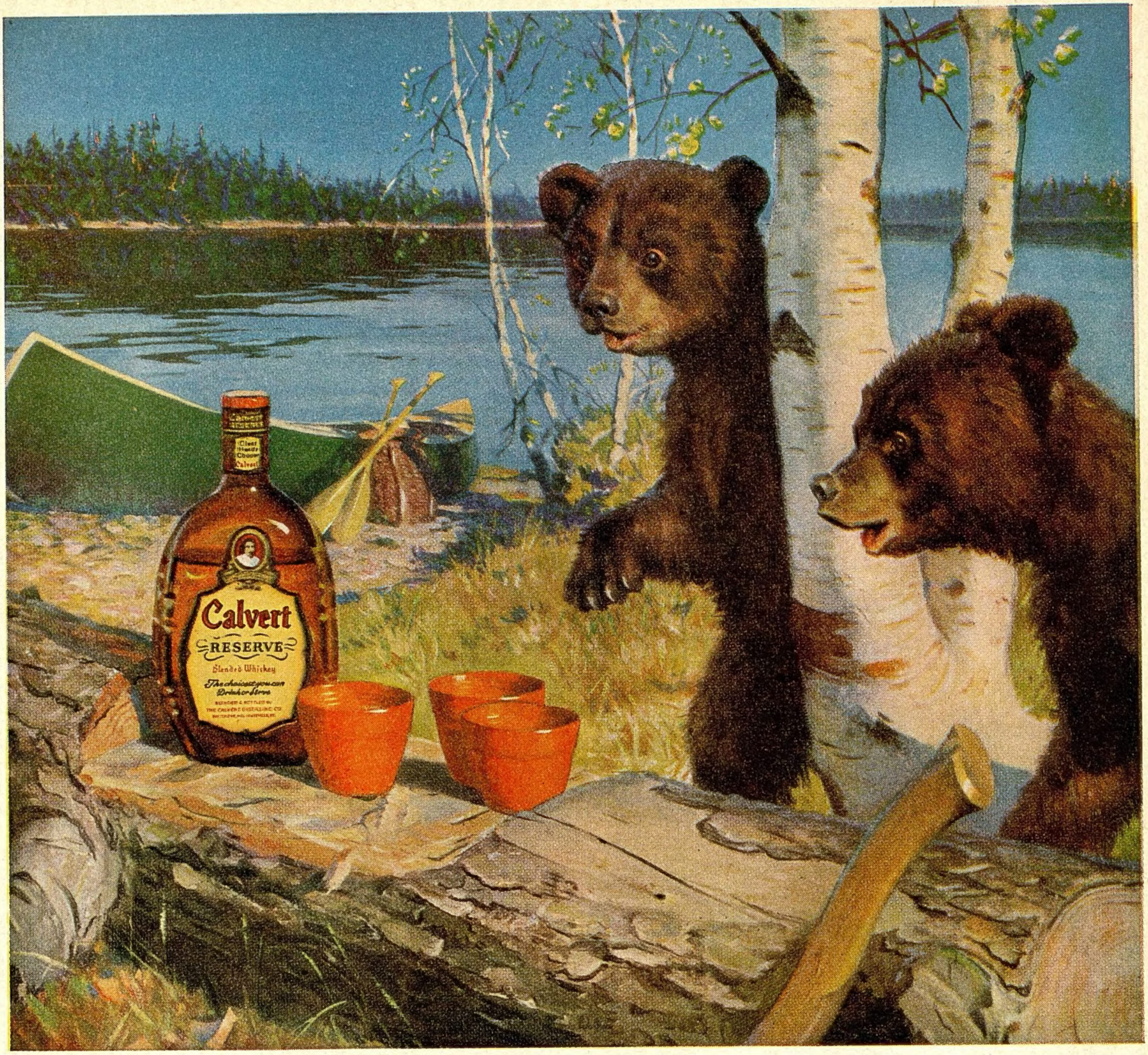
VERTICAL

1 It keeps a gal from being seen through
2 B.O. vent
3 Catcall of the wild
4 "When want goes out the door, love flies ——!" (Old saying)
5 What ye are advised to do to rosebuds while ye may (or June!)
6 It's never on time and it never waits for you
7 Little hotheads
8 Models Overawe Dopes (abbr.)
9 Many bespeak the lousy stenog
10 This era sounds pretty rotten to me
11 They sure take the cake for half-baked ideas
12 Mr. Cleo
13 Fire, air, earth, food, and soul—the necessities of living
19 What it takes
24 Half a wubble-u
25 Beau-and-arrow manufacturer—also makes matches
26 High-strung things found standing around farms, corrals, and private parks (two words)
27 Large hunks of things found lying around Texas doing nothing
28 Standard
29 Well-known cereal queen
30 Country with permanent heating problem
32 Lugs
33 Yatata machine
35 What the Bride of the famed honeymoon opera was
36 Shoots and squirts
38 Hard to ask for; harder to get
39 Playwrights love this hangout (abbr.)
41 Everything's on the up and up for him this spring
42 He doesn't dare stick his neck out around Minnesota! (cf. "I — — You, Like You — — My Wallet!)
43 Musical vench Sam Weller hoped to scrape up an acquaintance vith
44 Artistic label
46 What she refers to the Other Woman as
47 Discarded old bags
49 Aeneas cut quite a caper with her
50 Mr. Baker's favorite hotspot
51 Auld "Scotch Author" Syne
53 Babies Arrive Endlessly (abbr.)

P	E	T	R	I	L	L	O		W	H	A	L	E	S
A	V	I	A	T	I	O	N		A	U	R	O	R	A
L	I	N	D		E	A	T		L	E	A	P	E	R
E	L	S	I	E		N	O	E	L		B	E	C	K
			O	N	E	S		L	A	D		S	T	S
C	A	R	P	E	T		P	E	C	O	S			
L	I	E	H		C	L	O	V	E	N	H	O	O	F
A	D	I	O	S		O	S	E		S	E	R	G	E
M	A	N	N	E	Q	U	I	N	S		N	A	R	E
			E	L	U	D	E		S	C	A	L	E	S
A	R	M		L	I	E		S	W	A	N			
B	I	E	R		T	R	E	E		M	I	L	E	S
O	D	D	E	S	T		A	P	E		G	U	N	S
D	E	E	T	E	E		R	I	C	H	A	R	D	S
E	R	A	S	E	R		L	A	Z	I	N	E	S	S

April Answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.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Blended Whiskey
The choicest you can Drink or Serve

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Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**

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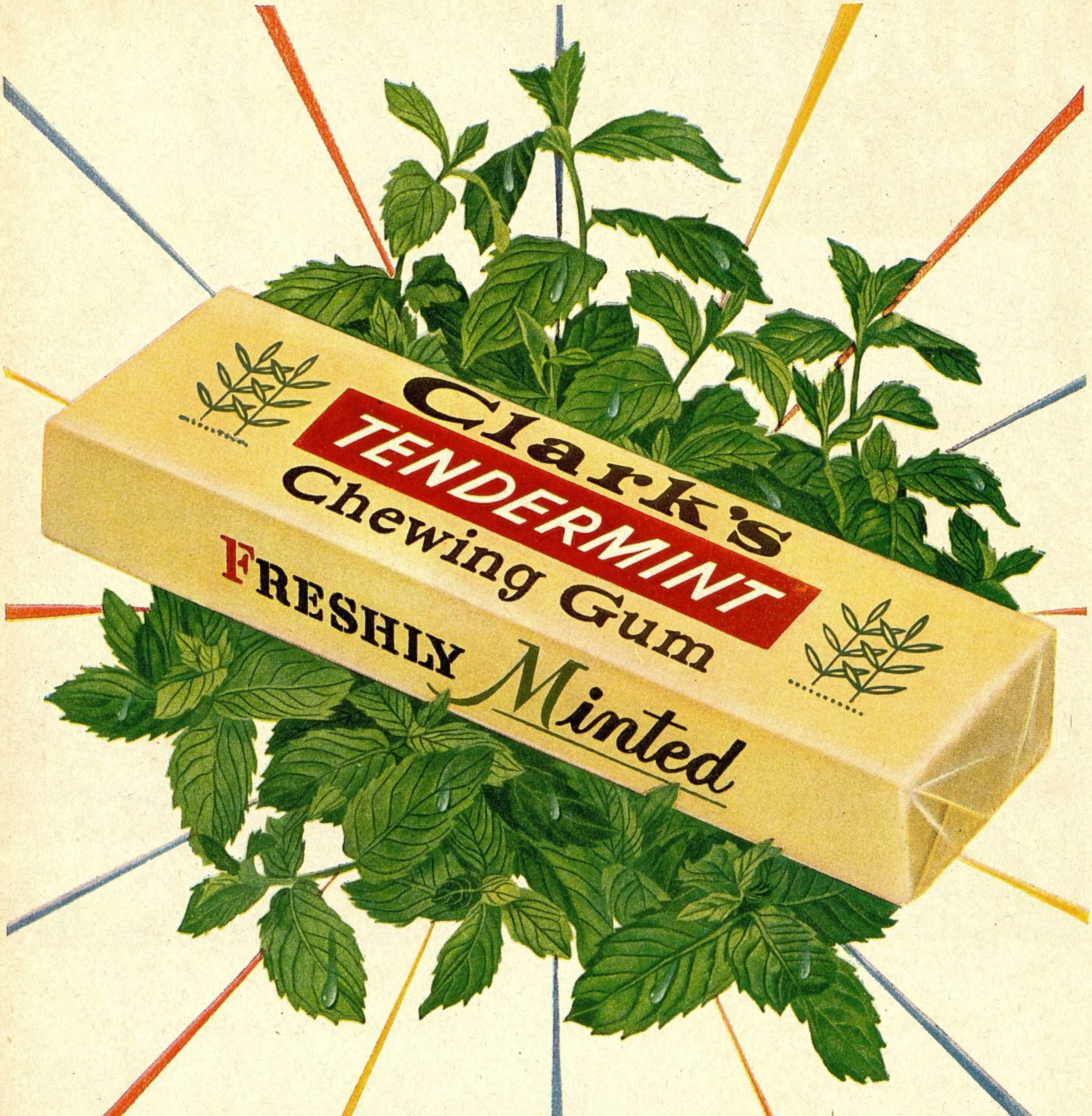
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FOR TASTE **Clark's**

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